ELISE,

Anne OR Folie

Innocencie Guilty.

A NEW

ROMANCE,

TRANSLATED

INTO

ENGLISH

BY

FO: JENNINGS, Gent.

LONDON,

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TO THE

Right Honourable, and truly

Noble and most Vertuous Lady,

FRANCES

COUNTESS of DORSET.

MADAM,

HAving by a strange fortune lighted on this Book, which to me appeared so pleasing, and fit for your entertainment, in that your retired solitary life; I think it cannot be displeasing to any, being raised with the glory of your Name: that is, this History of *Elise*. In which, Madam, you shall find Vertue suffering under the weight of afflictions, that end it; and an Innocence made guilty more by the inadvertencie of the Parties, then the malice of the Judges.

Yet it may be esteemed a Tragick history, not so fit for your present disposition, to whom nothing

thing ought to be preſented but of pleaſure and content. But to judg ſo, is to be ignorant of your worth, which like the Dolphin is moſt pleaſed in the rougheſt waters. And as nothing gives more content to thoſe that have paſſed dangers, then to ſpeak of the perils they have been in both by ſea and land; who can better judge then you, that have found by experience the truth of this ſaying of a grave Writer, That it is very hard amongſt ſo much malignity as hath infected the world, to live under the ſupport of innocence. But when poſterity ſhal read your hiſtory, which deſerves the writing of the moſt able and curious pen, they will then hold for a vanity that of the Romans, which is a truth in your hiſtory, that hath ſhewed us a vertue without ſecond, in the firſt and moſt glorious form of our dayes; One may ſee a patience without example, a mildneſs unbelievable, a fidelity inviolable, a chaſtity invincible, and laſtly a conſtancie founded on eminent piety, that can know nothing greater then it ſelf.

All this, Madam, is exempt from flattery; ſince as many places as the Sun ſhines on, are as many Eccho's of your praiſes. But what eccho's or what voice can worthily ſhew your merits, being raiſed to that height, that they can no way be preſented but imperfectly; none can undertake without expreſs boldneſs, were they never ſo eloquent in language, to praiſe them but imperfectly. But as our eys have a natural ſympathie with the elements of fire and water, which proceeds from their compoſition, and makes us willingly

willingly contemplate the bright livelineſs of the one, and the chryſtal running of the other: Even ſo I hope, be it that your eys deſcend to the reading of this Peece, or that your ears may but hear it recited, your thoughts may meet with conſolation; ſeeing in the misfortunes of others a feeble Idea of theſe diſaſters, whoſe blackneſs will raiſe the height of your glories, as the obſcurity of the Night ſets off the brightneſs of the Moon, whoſe roundneſs is accompliſhed. It is for weak ſpirits to faint at ſight of one let blood; Generous hearts laugh at the attaints of fortune; and how can they look pale at the reading of calamities, that have ſo far ſurmounted the greateſt? And then, Madam, the honour you have gained in bringing to the world ſo many Males for the maintaining of the Honorable and Noble houſe of the *Sackviles*, will inſpire you with a new ſtrength to paſs over without apprehenſion the ſad and tragick events of this Deduction. Which hath no other end but to bring you ſome divertiſement and conſolation, and to let you ſee the lively affection I have ever had to honour and eſteem, according to my power, ſo many Vertues as crown you, and tie me, Madam, to be ever

Your moſt humble and

obedient Servant,

JO. JENNINGS.

To the Reader.

THe little time I lived in France, *and the ſmall skill I attained in the language, ſhould have diverted me from the undertaking of a Tranſlation: but the content I took in the reading of this Tragick Hiſtory of* Eliza, *made me rather venture the cenſure of Detractors, then not to publiſh a Story of ſo much pitty and example. In which thou ſhalt ſee, that ſuffering is not always for the offenders, as for the unfortunate; and that want of Conſideration is many times cauſe of as great accidents as Malice. It will teach thee to fear God, and to think of thy ways, that is, to govern thy actions with wiſdom and circumſpection.*

Love and Death are the two principal Actors in this Scene, and as in an Emblem they change their form. Thou wilt ſee ſtrange effects of both the one and the other: For certainly it is very hard in this lamentable Age in which we live, as in that of the Prophet; and it may be ſaid after him, That Murder and Adultery make a prodigious inundation over the face of the earth and that blood craves blood. Who hath ever heard that true Love was inconſiſtent with piety? For truly, the profane and the vertuous cannot be joyned with devotion, as thoſe that be governed by wiſdom and diſcretion. As the contrary I know by its oppoſite; even ſo how can I make known the beauty of the one, if I ſet not forth the deformity of the other? and yet in ſo pleaſing a manner, as may not cauſe in the weakeſt Judgments any dangerous thoughts or ſtrange elusions. But as it is certain, that they are the wicked that give ſcandals by raiſing falſe reports of others; ſo they are but the weak that apprehend them. I will not touch the particularities contained in this following Hiſtory, not to take from thee the pleaſure of the reading, deſiring it may ſatisfie thy expectation. And will reſt thine in all love to ſerve thee,

JO: JENNINGS.

ELISE,

OR

Innocencie guilty.

IN the beginning of the reign of that famous *Henry*, whose merits brought from *France*, and seated in the throne of *Poland*, before a legitimate succession placed the royal Diadem of St. *Lewis* on his head, it appeared the Golden age; which is but a vanity born in the brains of Poets, yet seemed like a truth in *France*. For Peace coming with golden wings, after the furious torments it had suffered during the reign of generous *Charls* his predecessor, brought the vessel of this Estate within two fingers of her utter loss and destruction, but now returned in all abundance of joy and tranquillity, contentment and all the pleasures which are to be imagined. And truly this world can no way be pleasing but in variety, not harmonious according to the imaginations of the Platonicians: As for example, we must yield that the darkness of the night makes us think the day more fair; and as sad colours set off the light with greater

luſtre, and as the blacks and ſullied colours contribute to the ſweetneſs and whiteneſs of the lilly, and as the thorns ſerve for an ornament to the roſes, as a calm appears never ſo pleaſing as after a fearfull tempeſt, as wines are never ſo ſweet as when the taſte hath ſomwhat of bitterneſs, or as hunger and thirſt makes one find thoſe meats delicious of leaſt ſavour; ſo peace is never in its true luſtre but after a long and hard war, even ſuch was before the return of this bright Star; war had even rent this Monarchy in peeces with diſſentions uncivilly civil, that it appeared our Nation was become a manicle, and took pleaſure in opening her own entrails and to unrip herſelf, more hungry then *Saturn* after the fleſh of his own children.

Nought was but ſlaughter ſeen, whole fields being ſpread
With mangled trunks, and bodies of the dead.

Then appeared this *Henry*, which returning from one end of the world, leaving a Country and Kingdom where he was adored, to give himſelf to this where his birth and inclination called him, was welcomed like another Saint *Elme*, or if you will, as a *Neptune* ſerming the winds of ſeditions in their gale; and calming with the Trident of his valour, prudence, and goodneſs, the mutinous flotes which beat the flanks of this great Bark, who quickly knew him for her Pilot, and received him for her legitimate Prince: the ſword was now no more ſhaken over the heads of the Citizens; experience now had taught, that fire and ſword were needleſs threatnings to ſtrike off the heads of the *Hydra*, which was cauſe of all theſe miſchiefs; the earth had drank the blood and wiped away all remembrance from men, all tears dryed, all diſpleaſures forgot, peace and quietneſs publiſhed this great Prince.

Raiſing from war the Olive, which imparts
Trophies to Sciences, and the liberal Arts.

And then as the bitterneſs of gall makes us prove the ſweetneſs of honey, ſo contentment and peace unexpected raviſhed ſo the enjoyers, as it took away the means to expreſs their happineſs. You would have ſaid, it was a *Solomon* peaceably ſucceeding a bloody *David*; that greatneſs whereof *France* is the Mine, hiding in her own breaſt all her treaſures, which

now

now she set forth to shew to the face of the earth: The Court shined like the heavens, strewed with as many stars as there were Princes and Lords; the King appeared like a Sun, not only by his soveraignty which spread the beams of all his other greatness, but also the merits of his person; for in his counsels he was wisest, at his exercises the readiest, in arms the most valiant, amongst the gallants of the best grace, in company the quickest-witted, amongst the braves the most agreeable, amongst the well-spoken the most eloquent, with the devout the most religious, among the rich and pompous the most magnificent; and whersoever he was, he could never be mistaken, nor take *Alexander* for *Ephestion*; for he held his Majesty with so grave a sweetness, a face worthy of the Empire, as if appeared, shewed as if it had been written on his forehead and carriage, *Behold the King.* Yet all these truths are so far from flattery, that one ought to have had but eyes to see and swear that all came short that could be said of his heroick parts. True it is, I may with more boldness proceed to set forth his praises by the permission of the wisest of Kings: but in a time in the which one cannot imagine any pretension of acknowledgment, being there remains none of his race; for what recompence should one expect of a Prince, that after the having possessed two great Scepters, hath lain many years upon the earth deprived of his last honour, his Sepulchre, remaining as the Poet sung of his time and his creature,

Whose thunder-shatter'd carkass lookt like just
Confused streams, or an heap of dust.

And as to the sole image of his vertues it is that I give this due memory, there was nevertheless this gracious difference between the Sun and this Prince; that in the midst of his Court, that is, that in place of swallowing the brightness of the smaller Planets, this great King on the contrary gave such a lustre to those that invironed him, that without losing any of his preheminence, he gave them of his brightness; that made him respected of many, and envied of others, for all birds bear not equally the brightness of his favour. Verily one may say of the magnificence of this Prince, the same as the Queen of *Midy* said of *Solomon*, That happy were his servants; for besides his liberality to them, he was very courteous in the beginning of

his reign; he practised many great things, and there passed so many wonders at Court, that as there is no face without some blemish, so they were in greater pain to hinder the profuse expences of this great Monarch, then to praise his liberality. Living thus happy, adored of his subjects, beloved of his neighbours, feared of strangers, esteemed of all the world; when the heavens jealous to see so much prosperity on earth, sowed emulation and jealousies among the great ones, that have risen to those rayes which we can no way express but with silence, being it makes nothing to the History that I have now to write, the which tragical misfortune happened during these great prosperities which I intend to paint forth. Methinks it should be a presage without ills, this publike happiness: but as it happens at sea ordinarily, that certain white birds coming to sup at the water, or sit on the ship, is a certain sign of the storm; so Innocencie made guilty and punished as a delinquent, as it shall appear in this following story, was an augure, being born and fed as a canker in the faireſt roses, ought by miserable arts to cover this great Prince from many black calumnies, that his religion should be taken for impiety, and his piety for irreligion, by those which ought to have been the trumpets of his glory, and to be persecuted by those that should have been arches and tables of his authority and of his Empire. But not to draw any harder this knot too delicate for my rude hand, I will only content my self with this saying to come to my end, That the heart of this good King was very open to all worthiness; many favourites he had. Let us repeat again this little word of liberty, as I said, Favourites, and in great numbers; and as it is impossible in a multitude there will not multiply diversity of humours and passions, according to the diversity of judgments, and as they are interessed, It happened that a Lord of great birth and quality that had a place in the Kings house, fell not altogether in disgrace, but in distaste with the Prince, by the artificious indirities of a Favourite that loved him not, and because it doth concern me to conceal the names and qualities of the persons in this history, by reason of the tragical events that shew in the line of this deduction, we will hide them with so much art, imitating the thunder that bruises the bones without hurting the skin, melts swords and silver without hurting the scabbard or the purse; being very needfull to gain profit

by an example to know the particular circumstances of the places of the persons and their titles, provided that that which is treated of be truly, neatly, and clearly set down. We will do then as we behold the Bee, who draws the honey from flowers without any impression, she is content to drink of the rose, and to draw the sweetness and the essence, leaving it as if she had never touched it; so we hope to conduct the nib of our pen with so much prudence and circumspection, upon the flowers bitterly-sweet of this field, now white with innocence, now red with murders; and without offending the families, or interessing the parties, we will discover the ray of this truth, learning from a great Historian, that it is very dangerous amongst so many humane errors, and amongst so many obscurities that darken the course of this mortal life, to live only upon the support of his proper innocence. For as the sun, as bright and splendent as it is, may be darkened with the clouds, or shut up by the appearing of the moon, that his light is stollen away to our thinking; even so the greatest purity may be soiled by a false accusation, and the greatest whiteness blacked by calumnious tongues. This Lord then, the which we are to speak of, and whose name we will shadow under that of *Timoleon*, seeing himself deprived of that ancient grace and favour which he had been accustomed to gather every morning like a sweet Manna on the visage of his Prince, was sad and melancholy, because he could not know what malicious tongue had caused all this woe. And doubting that the inveterate hatred which was betwixt his house and this of this new *Haman's*, of whom he had no looks but of the one side, procured him these good favours towards his *Assuerus*; he essayed, but in vain, by means of an excellent *Esther* that then reigned, to make known to his Soveraign his faithful services: What shall I say? he imployed the credit of a *Borsheba* to this great *Solomon*, that then had an ascendant power over his judgment, without being able to find the calm now changed by the winds of preoccupations of a favour that put him in disfavour. This is the sport at Court; a perpetual putting out all *Jacobs* supplanters; an Ocean that hath his ebbs and flowes continually, their risings and fallings; a Sea of glass shining, but brittle; and by how much the neerer, it shines the brighter? He sees the edifice of his fortune, that looks like an old building sustained with his own proper weight;

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he sees his ruine threatned by a secret Mine that promised nothing but to reduce him to powder, if he should think to countermine. Favour is a torrent that overthrows all that opposeth against his strength; he must give way, make the place large, it were folly to think to stay his course; it's a brawl that comes from a superior power, as speaking of the makers of laws; an inferior authority cannot withstand those that fortune conducts to that point, and makes them masters and possessors of the hearts and ears of Soveraigns. These are the Heroes that have I know not what of half between the condition, and those of personages redoubtable, that the Ancients called Demy-gods. In vain our *Timoleon* wrastles against this spirit, no greater then his, but far stronger; he must yield and become lame, without having had any victory, like *Jacob*. The houses of this old *Mordecai*, and this young *Haman*, were not only of one Province, but also very neer: And as it happens ordinarily, that friendship or enmities are in extreams between neighbours, hatred rather then friendship had continued as an inheritance betwixt these two families, although much unequal; for this of our *Timoleon* in the country held another sort of rank, carriage and good fashion then this other, which it is needless here to name, unless for a simple opinion. But since such are the variable changes of humane States, that as the Proverb says, the servant hath outrun the master, and is arrived in the lists of happiness: For this same leaving behind him an obscure posterity, that dares no more appear before this other then a small star of the lower heavens to a great Planet; such are the changes of this world, and thus God holds the ballance in the hand of his justice, by ways unknown to us raising one and throwing down another, making of the same clay like a judicious Potter now vessels of honour, and then vessels of ignominie.

Thus our *Timoleon* was forced to yield under weight of his disgrace; and as great courages are nourished with favours of their Prince, could not endure to see they should be grown cold in their affection; nor suffer the rising of this new star, whose brightness seemed as the sun to dim the small morning-stars, to affront and darken this bright light which had shined so cleer, at least with a jealous envy which did torment him pitifully. So that without staying for a shameful leave, prevented his disgrace, pretending to retire, desired leave to sell his place.

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The King being good, although cold towards him, as having his thoughts occupied with opinions unworthy of his worth and true services, and on the other side being a wise Prince, would not give him the discontent, put him off disgracefully, was very glad that this demand came of himself; *Timoleon* having read in his face, that his absence would be as pleasing to him, as his presence unpleasing. But to enter the synagogue honorably, after having thanked him for his services shewed to him and to his Ancestors in his office, which appertained to the conservation of their persons, having been executed by him and his family to the Kings his predecessors with all loyalty that Soveraigns could desire of faithfull subjects; his Majesty commended his resolution, which was to retire from the unquietness of the Court, to enjoy towards the end of his dayes in his house a quiet tranquillity, which could not be tasted in the affairs of the world. And because the King desired this office should fall into the hands of a Lord, kinsman to the same we have described, and one who had followed him in his journey to *Poland*, he made it known to *Timoleon* it would please him to have it conferred on him; and for a recompence, he should receive such as he should hold himself very well satisfied, making a shew to be very sorry that his son was not of years to execute it, who was brought up in Court with other Noblemens sons; promising to acknowledge it when it should be time, with some dignity or place that should not be less in value. There was enough said, and wisely spoken for a Prince, that ought to hold it for a maxim inviolable, not to let any one leave him ill-satisfied. But it is ill done to jest with his Master; for the ears of Kings ought not to be imployed but with things that are pleasant, and with sweetness and humility. *Timoleon* having ill practised these rules, will have much leisure to repent him; for being of a high courage, and according to the name we give him, Heart of a Lyon, when he felt his honour touched, let himself be carried with passion, passing the terms of respect which he ought to have used to his Soveraign; and being in a humour common to most of that Nation of his Province, to vaunt and brag of his birth, and to esteem his services and those of his Ancestors, without considering that good deeds reproached take the quality of injuries: And speaking further, it seemed he taxed his Majesty the liberallest Prince that could be of ingratitude towards him; nay more,

of violence to force him to render his place to one of the creatures of his enemy, being he had a deſign to leave the exerciſes of it to one of his own kinſmen, to have yielded to his ſon when he ſhould come to years to execute it. Upon which there ſlipt from him many ſtrange words, that the Kings patience too much urged changed into ſuch extreme choler, (anger of Kings the wiſe man compares to the fierceneſs of a Lyon, that makes all tremble that hear them) that he commanded him to void the Court within three dayes, and to take his ſon with him, giving him his own country for baniſhment, and his houſe for his priſon, with an expreſs command never to preſent himſelf before his face. He would have anſwered, having ſuddenly repented; but the King retiring, left him there like a man ſtruck with a thunderbolt, before having ſeen the lightning. Truly theſe indiſcretions are inſupportable; for as we ought not to write againſt thoſe we know can return it again, ſo we ought never to contend with thoſe that with a look are able to confound us. Behold *Goliah*, behold the Coloſſes of *Nabuchadnezar* broken with one blow of thunder, and a blow of one ſtone: here is a fortune overthrown for want of conſideration; and *Timoleon* reduced even to the terms of deſpair, imploys both young and old to obtain that at firſt ſo courteouſly was granted: but all his means and thoſe of his friends were in vain; for the King being full of rage and ill opinions againſt him, accuſing him of Rodomontadoes and inſolence, would ſhew him he was the Maſter; and thus imitating God, whereof he was the Image, he knew how to raiſe the humble, and caſt down the proud.

His Enemy which loſt no time, believing that his expulſion from Court would give a greater freedom to his fortunes, and that the leſſening of this houſe would be a means to raiſe his own, obtained his office for his kinſman; which to ſatisfie the murmures and whiſpers, *Timoleon* was but too happy to receive a ſad recompence far off from that he might have had, if retiring in appearance with the favour of his Prince, and with hopes of better for his ſon. Here are dear bravings; this laſt makes all the ſweetneſs of the Court bitter: yet having been accuſtomed, he leaves it unwillingly and with grief; as ſlaves accuſtomed to ſervitude, their liberty ſeems wearieſom; the air of the Country that is ſo ſweet to every one, to him is unpleaſing, becauſe he comes to be commanded by his exile;

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his houſe which he ought naturally to love, being become his priſon, to fulfill the proverb, appears to him dark and loathſom, although it were fair and large; the which being ſeated upon one of the faireſt Rivers in *France*, which hath the view of two of the principal Cities of this Kingdom, we will take the liberty to call it *Bellerive*; and that which made this place ſeem leſs pleaſing, beſides the remembrance in what manner he left the Court, which made him a ſubject for the diſcourſe of all tongues, which are ever ready on theſe occaſions to the ordinary humour of men to deſire that which is forbidden, and to hate that which is commauded. This is the ſolitude of a ſad widowhood, the which he finds he is reduced to in age ſo advanced, that if he ſhould attempt a ſecond ſhipwrack, would be laid open to the laughter of all the world: And although that at this time he had need more then at any other of a wife to have care of his perſon, and to have comforted him in the government of his eſtate, a thing of Courtiers but very ill underſtood for the moſt part. And certainly it ſeems that which God in the beginning of the world ſaid of the firſt man, we may now ſay to the worldly man, That it is not good for him to be alone: for why? in the paradice of delights where *Adam* was created, he gave him a companion full of ſweetneſs and beauty, to the end that nothing ſhould be wanting that he could deſire in this happy eſtate of iunocencie. Although the houſe of *Timoleon* were the faireſt of the world, yet coming from the moſt excellent converſations, with which the Court was as then both famous and in its luſtre; this ſudden change much aſtoniſhed him, principally when in this weariſom ſharp ſolitude his many buſineſſes which his long abſence had made very troubleſom, began now to be ſhut from all parts, having ſeen himſelf at Court much made of by his Maſter, cheriſhed by the greateſt, honored by his equals, obliging the meaneſt at his pleaſure, in a place of great eſteem; at a blow here invironed with the meaneſt of Nobility, which with the appearance to honour him come with hope to devour him. All this diſpleaſes him ſtrangely; all his comfort is in his ſon, a compleat Gentleman, and of ſo good a faſhion, as that the moſt curious and ſumptuous King of the world had choſen him to be of his chamber. But as of one ſide this fair preſence gave him content, ſeeing himſelf to live again in this young branch; on the other ſide the heat of the wounds coming from the ſame

place of his joy, in conſidering how by his own folly he had ruined the fortune of this child, having frozen him in his flower and root; this put him in an extreme melancholy, that cannot be expreſſed but by thoſe whoſe paſſions are only for the advancement of their poſterity. But what, is there no remedy? it is a bone of a horſe broken, which there is no means to ſet again. Now all his thoughts are to marry his ſon, yet thinks he is too young to put him to the yoke, and yet too old to be reprehended; he conſidered it would be very neceſſary to have a fair and good daughter in law, which would be a great comfort to him in his age, eaſing him of thoſe houſhold-cares and buſineſſes, which to a noble courage are far more troubleſom then affairs of greater import; even as Flies are more troubleſome then beaſts of greater ſtature which are more hurtfull, by reaſon of their continual importunity. Many times he would ſay to himſelf that which the moſt ingenious of Poets ſaid of the Father of *Daphne*, deſiring infinitely that this maid ſhould leave the company and delights of *Diana*, and put herſelf under the laws of *Hymen*.

Daughter, bring me a ſon, if thou wouldſt have
My name immortal, and ſurvive the grave.

And many times our *Timoleon* would ſuddenly ſay to his ſon,

Bring me a daughter, that I may reſigne
The houſe to her, who muſt keep me and mine.

But this young Lord, which we will call *Philippin*, without much diſguiſing the name he received at his birth, very neer that of the famous Apoſtle which converted the Eunuch of the Queen of *Candace*, applying himſelf to games and paſtimes conformable to his humour and his years, gave little attention to theſe fatherly admonitions; for what can one ingrave upon a *Mercury* not fixt, or upon a running water which is never firm? Hunting is the principal exerciſe of this *Adonis*; for to what could this generous and noble ſpirit addict himſelf better, then to this occupation which is in peace the lively image of war. *Timoleon* goes ſometimes, but rarely, and ſometimes to thoſe which had more ſtrength; for the benefit, or if you will, the ill effect of years began now to make him unable for theſe exer-

exerciſes; he loves his ſtable better then the following hounds, or the prey, then to hunt it: On the contrary, *Philippin* delighteth rather in the purſuit, then to ſee it in the diſh. The young Gentlemen thereabouts came often to this young Lord, he is much made of, honoured and reſpected of all; as it is the cuſtom of Courtiers to adore rather the ſun riſing then the going down. Whilſt the Father feaſts it with the aged, *Philippin* ſpits the woods in company of the youth: like that young *Aſcanio* neer the Prince of the Poets of the *Romans*, full of ſtrength and valour, he asks no more but even to encounter ſome huge Bore or furious Wolf, or ſome old Stag, to ſhew his ſtrength by the greatneſs of his prize. But after ſo many preys, he becomes a prey; after ſo many prizes he himſelf is taken, and all his ſtrength thrown to the ground, not by the teeth of a cruel Bore, nor by the horns of a Stag, nor by a ravenous Wolf, but by the glance of an eye worſe then that of Baſilisk; for this glance is his death, and which is worſe, a miſerable death.

There was in a fair valley very neer to *Bellerive*, a little houſe belonging to a Gentleman that was Tenant to *Timoleon*, the ſituation of which ſhall be the occaſion to call it *Vaupre*, by reaſon it was invironed with delicate meadows and pleaſant brooks, which made the ſeat very delightfull and pleaſing; you would have ſaid, having ſeen it, though little, but very well compoſed and truſſed together, that it ſhewed like a noſegay in the midſt of a garden of ſweet flowers. It was poſſeſt by a Maſter, in goods of fortune poor, but of a brave and reſolute courage, which will be well known in this our hiſtory under the name of *Pyrrhe*, without altering his own but in one letter. This ſame had of children a ſon and a daughter, ſprung from a mother generous in all her actions, which we will name *Valentine*. So that as Eagles do not ingender Doves, theſe Children were nothing but courage and generoſity: The daughter which we muſt call *Iſabella*, brought into this condition by her brother, which ſhall be known under the name of *Harman*, leaving in her moſt tender yeares the occupations ordinary to her ſexe, gave herſelf to exerciſes of arms and hunting with ſuch ſtrength and addreſs, that ſhe was much admired of all the neighbourhood, and eſteemed another *Amazon*. Her Father liking this humour in her, was well pleaſed to ſee her ride a horſe like a man, to run at the

ring, and to vault, to fence, and handle a harquebuzer, and to theſe contributed his own help and induſtry. The mother was not diſpleaſed, as judging there was no point of honour loſt, of which ſhe was very jealous. So now as things ſtrange and new are moſt eſteemed, ſo theſe qualities extraordinary gave ſuch a fame to this maid, that all the vallies did reſound of nothing but her praiſes; and the eccho's gave an envy to the hearers, to ſee this wonder to all thoſe that heard of her.

There was no aſſembly of hunting where ſhe was not yet always accompanied with either her father or brother: And as ſhe was alone in her faſhions, ſo ſhe ſhewed with ſo much the more advantage, and always accompanied with ſo much modeſty, as her preſence unaccuſtomed filled the hearts and eyes of the beholders with admiration and aſtoniſhment: For ſhe had been very well brought up, very ready in any thing ſhe undertook; ſhe ſpake with great diſcretion; her actions were compoſed, and at pleaſure detained; and although ſhe gave ſomwhat a lively natural liking to theſe exerciſes ſo far from her condition, yet nevertheleſs it was with ſo much ſimplicity and ſo little vanity, as if malice it ſelf ſhould have ſtrove to have bit, ſhe made herſelf not only irreprehenſible, but commendable. And would to God that ſhe had either continued in theſe terms, or that ſhe had been retained within the bounds of thoſe exerciſes fitting her ſexe; we ſhould not then ſee her defamed as ſhe will be, nor the only inſtrument of theſe tragick buſineſſes, the which bloodies the courſe of this Hiſtory. The reputation of this *Diana* was not long before it came to the ears of *Philippin*; the which more for curioſity then for any affection he had ever experimented, deſired to ſee her a horſe-back, and made this requeſt to her father, whom he ſaw often, who would not deny ſo ſmall a courteſie to his Landlords ſon, and the which ſhould one day be his chief jewel. There is a match made for hunting the Stag: *Pyrrhe* and *Herman* bring *Iſabella* to the ſport; who without any other deſign then that which all thoſe of her ſexe have, to ſeem pleaſing to the eyes of thoſe which did with curioſity conſider her, put herſelf in ſuch order, as her natural graces not being ſmall, were much heightened with art, that it was very eaſie for her to draw upon her the eyes of all that troop. I will not trouble my ſelf with the deſcription of her form, nor of her habit: For although the pi-

ſture of her faſhion might much ſet forth and beautifie this diſcourſe, being dreſſed; yet nevertheleſs to ſhew the beauty of vertue and deformity of vice, rather then to preſent corporal perfections, it ſhall ſuffice me to ſhew the cauſe by the effect, in ſaying that fire takes not hold ſo ſoon of the *Naphte* of *Babylon*, or of the herb called *Aproxis*, as this of Love ſeiſed on the heart of this young *Philippin* at the preſence of this object, which appeared to him the faireſt that ever he had ſeen: The ſight of his perſon was ſo raviſhed in this contemplation, carrying ſuch a dimneſs into that of his underſtanding, that he loſt both his liberty and the knowledge of himſelf; ſo as may be ſaid of him theſe words of an antient Poet,

His optick-nerves, when this ſtar ſhin'd,
Were Planet-ſmitten, and turn'd blind.

This great blow ſtruck him in ſuch ſort, as he remained penſive and aſtoniſhed, all the time of the hunting; he did nothing but rub over again his new wound, being more devoured in his thoughts then *Actæon* was with his hounds: His heart was of ſoft wax for the impreſſion of this ſeal; and this excellent form finding a ſoul as innocent as the whiteſt paper, drew a line ſo ſtrong that death it ſelf defaced the character. *Iſabella* imployed in the purſuit of the Stag, thought leaſt of this new prize, not eſteeming him coming newly from a Court as full of rare objects as there are ſtars in the skies ſhining in the night, would caſt his eyes ſo low as on her ruſticity, nor being ſo preſumptuous to raiſe hers ſo high as his with any deſign to make him her captive, to whom ſhe owed all ſort of obedience. So that the heart of *Philippin* was a broken Looking-glaſs to receive the beams of this new light, and hers a Glaſs emboſſed which threw beams of deep impreſſion. Oh how happy had ſhe been ſtill to have done ſo! an eternal blame would not then have covered her memory.

The iſſue of the hunting had ſuch ſucceſs as one would deſire; and when *Iſabella* had given good teſtimony of her skill in riding, and of her underſtanding in this exerciſe, *Philippin* is returned to *Belerine*, carrying to his father the head of a great Stag, the which had given them great pain in the taking; not without recounting the wonders of this *Amazon* with terms of that advantage, that it was eaſily judged he had conſidered her

with

with very much attention; and yet he ſpake not the half of what he thought, and yet enough to make *Timoleon* deſire to ſee this Damoſel, that knew by skill to manage a horſe with as much skill as any Gentleman in theſe quarters. There is a new aſſembly made for hunting, where *Timoleon* ſees and admires her, wondring to ſee ſo much ſtrength and vigor in one of her ſexe, which uſually have weakneſs and debility for their part, & conſideringthat all which is extraordinary hath a kind of excellence. I ſay nothing of her beauty, becauſe I neither underſtand truly to conſider it, nor how to write of it; yet they ſay ſhe paſt all mediocrity, and being accompanied with ſo much grace and good faſhion, that the ſetting ſurpaſt the richneſs of the ſtone, and the faſhion ſurpaſt the ſtuff. So that *Philippin* is not only touched, but tranſported; for to him all was admirable in her. This is not ſure that huntſman which lately had nothing in his head but woods and hounds; his imagination is ſo tranſported and fill'd with this new paſſion, that there is hardly left place in himſelf for himſelf; for reaſon, that is quite baniſhed; this deity fills all his ſenſes; he is become ſad and melancholy; and he that heretofore could not underſtand other paſſion then an earneſt deſire to be riding and running, is now become grave and reſerved, much unbefitting his years; and loſing no occaſion of hunting where he thinks he may be ſo happy as to meet her, who hath thus taken him; on the contrary 'tis that which he ſeeks, and with ſo much curioſity, that he ſeems rather to flie then go; more lover then hunter in place of her, whoſe thoughts are more of her game then any way touched with love. Thus he ſees often *Iſabel*, but ſpeaks of nothing leſs then of his paſſion, covering it with the exceſs of his gravity, as there appears not ſo much as a ſpark in appearance:

Waſting the precious day and night, I move
In vain thoſe motions of a fruitleſs love.

This *Io* is kept by two *Arguſes*, which have their eyes as ſharp as thoſe of *Linx*; this garden of golden apples is kept by two Dragons always waking for their preſervation. So that *Philippin* ſees before his eyes

The paradiſe, whoſe wretched pleaſure is
An hell of vertue, or a black abyſs.

But

But who can carry fire in his breaſt long, ſays the wiſe man, without ſhewing ſome flame, or at leaſt ſmoke? The continual praiſes of this Virgin, that like lively flames came from the mouth of this young Lover from the furnace of his heart, were teſtimonies enough to *Timoleon*, whom years had taught the exceſs of this furious paſſion, and that the gentle faſhion and beauty of this Maid were fixed in the eyes of his ſon: For as Phyſitians will give ſtrong and great opinions of the indiſpoſitions of men by the ſight of their tongues, even ſo our own ſpeech will betray our interior thoughts to perſons of quick underſtanding; and who knows not that the birds, and other beaſts of the earth, by their continual cryes and ſtuttering make known to thoſe that underſtand them the heat which moves them when they are touched with the thing we call Love?

At the firſt the good man diſdained to give a remedy, eſteeming it was but a flame flying light, and might be extinguiſhed with the blaſt of his word. But his wiſdom found himſelf deceived: for not having well practiſed this precept, That in ills of this kind we muſt at the beginning give remedies, Antidotes late and out of ſeaſon being improper to take away theſe inveterate impreſſions. The whilſt this little Butter-flie burns inconſiderately the wings of his deſire about this torch, which will be his end. Here is nothing but viſits to *Vaupre*, and matches for hunting; which he cares not much for, but as *Dido* loved it for to ſee her *Æneas*, without his *Diana* it is to no purpoſe: *Iſabella* is the ſtar that lightens the darkeſt obſcurities of the woods. When they are returned, he cannot ſpeak without proteſting, that as ſhe is the honour of the Forreſts, ſo ſhe is the fortune of their prize; he ſhould ſay his miſfortune, as ſhe will be one day the diſhonour of his houſe. So that even as that cunning *Anne*, ſiſter to the Queen of *Carthage*, found that *Dido* was touched with the perfections of her new gueſt whom the tempeſts had forced to land in her ports, by the exceſſive praiſes which ſhe raiſed of his merits, eſteeming him a man deſcended of the race of gods: even ſo this young bird began to diſcover his note without ſhadowing his paſſion to the publike knowledge of men, and boaſts of it. He is ordinarily at *Vaupre*, drawn by the inviſible chains of his affections; and when he is at *Bellerive*, he is there in his thoughts: for why? the ſoul is more in the object beloved then in its own

body

body that keeps it. But becauſe he cannot accoſt this beauty without being acquainted with her mother *Valentine*, and her father and brother, he ſo ſubtiliſes his paſſion, which is the mother of inventions, to win theſe three's affections, which are very proud of theſe viſits; and when they perceived what he ſought, they eſteemed themſelves as much honoured, as the Match would be advantagious for them. Already *Pyrrhe*, and *Valentine* feed themſelves with ſmoak of this great alliance; and *Iſabella*, which was not made of braſs, ſeeing her ſelf ſo religiouſly ſerved and honoured by this young Lord, foreſaw things to her higheſt hopes, let herſelf be carried away with a reciprocal liking; in the which neither the one nor the other could have any blame; for almoſt their affections had one end by that great Sacrament which our Lord Jeſus Chriſt inſtituted in his Church.

It is neither my humour nor my deſign to ſet down here what paſt in their woing: For beſides that I muſt either fain or divine; and although I ſhould know the truth, I eſteem it not fit with ſuch ſmall entertainments to ſtay my pen any longer, pretending rather to write of tragick actions then of affected ſpeeches. Well, our *Philippin* is very welcome, well received according to his merit, and the quality of his perſon obliged his vaſſals of which he deſired alliance; all were content, as they ſay, without their Hoſt. For *Timoleon* perceiving clearly at length, that this affection took too great root in the heart of his ſon; having once ſhewed and admoniſhed him that he ſhould do better to keep company with his equals, and not to be continually with his inferiors; and that his too much frequenting of *Vaupre* going and coming, were not pleaſing to him. This was rather to augment his paſſion, then any way to diſſwade him from it: For in place of facility, the difficulty made him more deſirous and eager in this purſuit. Even as the fire in the forge is made more violent rather then quenched by the often ſprinkling of water; ſo this Father of his being terrible ſevere, the leaſt word of his being like a flaſh of lightning which made his ſon tremble, he is become now more reſerved in his viſits. But as fire ſhut up in a furnace is much more hot then when it is free and in the air, ſo it is in the heart of this young *Philippin*. Letters, which make abſence preſent, are not ſpared: *Iſabella* having permiſsion of her friends to entertain this match, is no nigard of her anſwers.

And

And even as in thoſe Nations bordering upon *France*, where the women are kept in a continual priſon, and in ſo ſlaviſh a ſervitude as is impoſſible to be conceived, the leaſt action ſerves for a grant to thoſe that ſeek them; it was ſo here; for at theſe ſtollen viſits, by a thouſand arts which affection teaches, the proteſtations of fidelity were ſo ſtrong and vehement which *Philippin* made, vowing and proteſting that he could never be any others but *Iſabella's*: This maid aſſured for her part to this Lord, that ſhe would never receive other affection but his. Yet thoſe enterviews being kept cloſe from *Timoleon*, were nevertheleſs always in preſence of her mother or father, or at leaſt her brother, as thoſe ſtampers in the golden mines; ſo that her honour could not receive the leaſt blemiſh, no, not ſo much as a thought.

Timoleon, which had his watchfull ſpies upon the actions of his ſon, hath ſome notice of theſe ſecret meetings: which makes him raiſe his voice, and check his ſon more bitterly for his diſobedience, and with ſuch threats which much aſtoniſhed the heart of this young youth, yet no way removed his love; but on the contrary, like thoſe rubies of *Ethiopia*, which being put in vinegar redouble their luſtre, became more ſtubborn for theſe reproofs full of ſharp bitterneſs: And that which gave the moſt lively touch of his cruelty, was the forbidding of *Herman* the converſation of his ſon, which was brother to *Iſabel*; for in the abſence of the ſiſter, *Philippin* took ſuch delight in the preſence of her brother, that he could not be without him, and had as it were taken him to be about him. This was a kind of an affront to *Herman*, and which offended *Pyrrhe*; who, although the meaneſt Gentleman, yet had a courage ſuch as could not ſuffer of his Landlord, nor of a Prince the leaſt word or action which ſhould not only hurt, but touch his honour. So that being touched with a kind of revenge, after having made known his complaints to his neighbours of this uſage of *Timoleon*, he thought with himſelf to forbid *Philippin* his houſe, which was to uſe as his equal his ſuperior. Here is *Herman*, *Philippin*, and *Iſabella* in all the troubles of the world. *Timoleon* puts a man to his ſon, which ſhould have charge to look to all his actions, with an expreſs command never to leave him, or to be ſo much as a foot from him; leaving anything elſe to his pleaſure and free liberty, what he could deſire. On the other ſide, *Iſabel* is kept up very ſtrictly

by her mother, nor ever gets leave to ſtir out of the houſe, which is an impenetrable goale. *Philippin* gets no more acceſs: *Timoleon* laughs at *Pyrrhe* for having forbid him, being the greateſt favour he could have done him. There reſts nothing but only their Pens, the which we give the name of certain Birds, becauſe they flie and enter every where. By this means they make known their griefs; and this *Danae* complains of the cruelty of *Acriſe*, which augments the deſire in him that ſeeks her to find the invention of *Jupin*. But notwithſtanding all this, his active heat which like thunder pierces and enters all ſorts of obſtacles, in ſpight of all the watches of one ſide and the other, ſhewes them means to ſee and ſpeak together. The extream love and affection that was between *Herman* and *Philippin*, the which had ſome reſemblance of that of *David* and *Jonathan*, brought forth this commodity. They meet at the hunting. And as *Philippin* made his complaint to him whom already he eſteemed as his brother, of the extream cruelty of *Timoleon* and of *Pyrrhe*, which in deſpight of their worſt nothing ſhould alter him from the deſign he had to marry his ſiſter; *Herman*, who much pitied this young Youth whom he ſaw in ſo ſenſible grief, gave him counſel to have patience, and to remit it to time, which might change and give ſome eaſe to his griefs; and excuſing his father who had forbid him his houſe, that it was not for any malice to him, whom he extreamly loved and honoured for the worthy ſeeking his alliance, but to let *Timoleon* know that he ought not to uſe a Gentleman in that faſhion, or to ſlight him ſo.

All this did not heal *Philippin*, who could no way admit of this long abſence; and in the impatience of his diſpleaſure proteſted to dye a languiſhing death, if there were no means for him to ſhew to her which poſſeſſed him the aſſured teſtimonies of his faith, either by verbal promiſes, or by writing, that might tye him ſo to her, as it ſhould be impoſſible to diſengage them, in deſpight of the cruel uſage of their parents; and rather ſubmitting themſelves to all ſorts of misfortunes, then to fail in the leaſt point of their reſolution, even where paſſion ſhould go to the greateſt exceſs of cruelty againſt their youth. *Herman*, who paſſionately deſired this alliance for his proper advancement, was eaſily perſwaded to find commodity for this enterview, which was very eaſie for him to find, his ſiſter not being otherwiſe kept but within the cloiſtre of

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the walls of *Vaupre*. He returns again to *Philippin*, and after having conferred with his ſiſter, told him he ſhould come in the night, and promiſed him to ſpeak with his ſiſter *Iſabella* at a window in her houſe, provided that it might be in his preſence. The which *Philippin*, who had no ill intent, yielded to very voluntarily. There is preparation for hunting the Bore: *Herman* is there in company of a Gentleman of the Country, a neighbour which was invited by *Timoleon* and *Philippin*. There are toils pitched in divers places where they think the horrible beaſt ſhould paſs; the word is given between *Herman* and *Philippin* for to retire themſelves; they are truſted through many woods; at laſt their hunting is ended, without ever once getting the prey into their toils. At their return *Philippin* is not to be found; they hold him loſt in the woods; but this cunning old man doubting of the cauſe of his abſence, was very angry with this old Gentleman whom he had commanded not to let him go out of his ſight, commanding him to go & watch all night at *Vaupre*, to ſee if he were not gone thither: for if he were loſt in the woods, it was an accident which often happens to Huntſmen; but if he were in the place he had forbidden him, he had prepared a rude reprehenſion.

He was but too good a Diviner: For *Scipion* (ſo was this Gentleman called which had this charge of him) failed not to meet with the encounter: For coming to *Vaupre* juſt at midnight, where the neighing of a horſe gave him ſufficiently to underſtand there were Sentinels which watched without, he left his horſe tyed to a tree far enough from being ſeen, and came himſelf ſtealing ſoftly neer the place, and had the paſtime to hear the diſcourſe of this young couple, which cut their own throats with their own knives. But he was moſt troubled to hear the verbal contracts of marriage which paſt between them in the preſence of *Herman*, taking God and the heavens to witneſs of their conſtant reſolutions; adding to that by the hands of her brother he received promiſes reciprocally in writing, to the end that the reproach of infidelity might reſt upon the foreheads of thoſe that ſhould upon any occaſion be the breakers; proteſting ſolemnly, that neither the violence of their parents, nor any other humane power ſhould ever break this knot, but it ſhould be inviolably kept and maintained juſt unto death: And after ſome rings given and received

ceived in ſign of this alliance, they parted with much joy of that which they had promiſed and ſworn, and with grief to break off this ſweet company. A hundred times *Scipion* was juſt at the point to diſcover himſelf to have broken this buſineſs, which infinitely diſpleaſed him; but for fear to put this young Gentleman into a deſpair, he durſt not; for if he had found himſelf diſcovered, his love would have kindled ſuch a choler in him, as he would have kill'd this Spy in the field; who rather choſe to ſerve himſelf with the Foxes skin then the Lyons, eſteeming that wiſdom would find eaſier wayes to remedy theſe follies then force; certainly follies, by the faſhion of their carriage, which were neither unlawfull nor diſhonourable in their affections, all that was being in the unequality of their conditions.

Timoleon is advertiſed of all this buſineſs by *Scipion*, and falls into ſuch a fury, as he was very cholerick; that there wanted not much, without ſaying any thing elſe to his ſon, to have ſhut him up in a priſon for a long time, intending to uſe him ſo ſeverely, as he would make him repent of his youthfull inconſiderateneſs. Beſides, knowing that theſe ſecret promiſes are not to be eſteemed by divine nor humane laws, ſo as he jeſted at this, promiſing to break them as chains of glaſs: but he means to teach this Gallant to play him no more of theſe tricks in this kind. He comes home the next morning to *Bellerive*, feigning to have been loſt in the woods, and to have been all night on horſe-back; and in that he ſpake but truth.

But cunning *Timoleon* bridled his anger at his firſt ſight, to the end to make his correction more penetrating, being done in cold blood; and withall thinking by deferring his diſpleaſure, to get into his hands thoſe writings which had paſſed between them, which ſhould have been returned of *Herman*, the which *Scipion* had advertiſed him of. He corrupts all his ſons Foot-men, to the end to diſcover this buſineſs, but in vain, for the buſineſs was already done: For at break of day, *Herman* coming out of *Vaupre*, and having brought to *Philippin* that of his ſiſter, and receiving of *Philippin* his, which he would have ſigned with his blood (an ordinary ſerventneſs in young men in the like occaſions) if *Herman* had not hindred him.

In

In vain did *Timoleon* hope to ſurpriſe that which was already received. But underſtanding by the treaſon of a Lacquay, that *Herman* and *Philippin* did meet in many places, but with ſuch artificious ſubtilty, as the eyes of *Scipion* were ſtill deceived: At this *Timoleon* loſt all ſort of patience; and taking his ſon aſide, after having dimmed his eyes with flaſhes of his own full of anger, made him underſtand, and ſhould feel the thunder of his threats, if he left not the converſation of *Herman*, and the fooliſh love to his ſiſter, ſo far unfit for his quality. At which this young Courage was like to have fallen down at this ſo ſudden fright: For ſearching excuſes the beſt coloured he could, he found himſelf ſo taken, that the more he ſought to cover, the more he diſhonoured his paſſion; and the more he ſpake, the leſs made himſelf underſtood.

Timoleon judging by the often changing of his colour, and alteration of his diſcourſe ſo far from purpoſe, the confuſion of his thoughts and the apprehenſion of his ſoul, yet redoubled this perplexity of relating the particularities of theſe meetings with *Herman*, he found certainly, he was betrayed: But more following this diſcourſe, by diſcovering of his ſpeech with *Iſabella* and *Herman* neer the walls of *Vaupre*, the night he feigned to be loſt, with the ſame words and promiſes, and thoſe alſo in writing which ſhould be put into the hands of his pretended brother-in-law; this frighted him in ſuch ſort, as thinking for certain it had been his Father which had heard this Comedie, he fell down at his feet, craving a thouſand pardons, beſeeching him to attribute this to the exceſs of his paſſion, which may well bring Youth to theſe ſtrange courſes, being Age it ſelf when it is touched, is ſubject to commit many the like follies.

Timoleon made tender by theſe ſubmiſſions, and believing he had applied the iron to the fire of this ulcer in ſuch manner as it was healed; promiſed him to forget what was paſſed, ſo that hereafter he would carry himſelf with obedience to his commands and diſcretion in his actions, ſo that he might believe certainly that arrow was out of his flanks, and this vain affection quite removed from his heart.

But

But as youth is like ſoft wax, that receives all ſorts of impreſſions, and keeps not one; ſo *Philippin* promiſes what one would have him, being reſolv'd not to maintain any thing that the apprehenſion of fear makes him ſay, his love being far ſtronger then his fear. When retired from his fathers ſight, like a Criminal from the Tribunal of his Judge, it was then he blamed himſelf of weakneſs and want of courage; and giving himſelf a thouſand injurious names, accuſing his fearfulneſs, and proteſting a new loyalty and ſervice to this Idol which ſwam in his fancy, he rubbed his ſore, and invenomed his wound by this conſtraint, diſanulling all he had ſaid in prejudice of his promiſe; he renews his meetings and ſecret practiſes with *Herman*. But being ſold by his Lacquays in whom he truſted moſt, who for hanſel of their treachery put many of his letters and thoſe of *Iſabels* into the hands of *Timoleon*, by which he underſtood that reciprocal promiſes had been given on both ſides; which made him enter into ſuch an extream choler, as he had never had the like, ſometime threatning to ruine *Pyrrhe* and all his houſe, and then to be revenged on his ſon for this diſobedience, as alſo to publiſh the ſhame of *Iſabella*. Being tranſported to theſe extremities by his choler, he calls his ſon the ſecond time; and after having reviled him with all the outragious ſpeeches that could be imagined, eſteemed this relapſe worſe then his firſt fault.

This young Lyon having taken courage for the ſhame of his laſt flight, like him which ſaid of himſelf, If I fled at the firſt encounter, it was to return the ſecond time to fight with more reſolution; ſetting aſide thoſe invective ſpeeches of his father, which his duty bound him to endure; after ſome holy proteſtations of the honour and reverence which he would always give him, he told him plainly, and in a faſhion of that height more then the ſpirit of *Timoleon* could endure, that he would loſe a thouſand lives rather then to fail in the leaſt point of his love; that his honour was engaged by word and by writing, and that his ſoul ſhould never receive other impreſſion but that of *Iſabella's*; the which was a Gentlewoman, and of that birth, as ſhe could receive no reproach for her Nobility, having no other wants but the goods of fortune; eſteeming rather to chuſe a wife which had vertues and perfections in abundance, then one with great wealth, which ſhould have nothing

thing more unpleasing then herself; and that this affection of his was led rather by reason then passion, honour and marriage having been the end of his pretensions; and if there were any thing worthy reprehension, it was his carriage, not any thing in *Isabella* or *Herman*; and for himself, he was resolved never to leave their friendships for all the violence could be used on him, chusing rather to suffer the extremity of cruelty, and the worst of indignities, which should be like flames to purifie his fidelity to the proof. And (as God lives) answered *Tiholeon*, we will see whose head is best, yours or mine: How now, Gallant! what, scarce born, and are you at your defiance with me? I'll make thee as supple as a glove, and to bend to my will, and break that stubborn will of yours, though it cost me my life and goods, and yours too; I will teach you the duty of a son, and the authority of a father, said he. And so turning from him, he commanded to put *Philippin* in a chamber which served for a prison, to the end to teach this young bird to sing another tune. *Philippin* goes very joyfully contented, to give a testimony of his firmness and constancie of his flames. But that which put him in an extream agony, was to hear that his father having searched his chamber, and his secret Cabinet wherein were his sweetest tyes, amongst a thousand Letters seised of the Promise of *Isabella*, at which he made a trophie of mockery and laughter, and would have made a sacrifice of it and of his choler to the fire. For now as being transported, what says he not against his father, and his ill fortune, and against heaven? Truly those things, which ought not to be repeated, but throughly blamed: Yet nevertheless comforting himself upon the word of his Mistress, which he esteemed beyond all the writings in the world, he resolves upon the common remedy of all the ills of the world, Patience: Not but that the wearisomness of a prison was extreamly sensible to this stirring spirit, active and full of heat; yet in this extream youth, which is nothing but fire and life, the tediousness is redoubled by being deprived of news, which served at least in this his constraint of liberty to diminish his flame. Before he hoped all, and feared nothing; now fears all, and hath no hope but in the faith of the brother and sister. He fears that those Letters should come to the hand of *Pyrrhe* and *Valentine*, they would not take occasion to ease their childrens ill. His thoughts are so troubled, as when he rests in this prison

he thinks he is invironed with a thouſand thorns; he ſuſpects all which come near him, as he had reaſon, being made ſo many ſpies by *Timoleon's* means: He wants wherewith to corrupt them; this metal which changes courages, fails him; and his ſervants, whom his father had made his, dare not yield to pitty this young Lord. He thinks to entertain them with diſcourſe; yet ſeeing pitty dead in ſome, and affection in others, refuſed all, to entertain himſelf with his own private thoughts, the onely recreation that accompanied him; which in ſtead of diverting him, nouriſhed his diſpleaſures. 'Tis Muſick which hath that property, to make them merry which are content, and thoſe which are ſad more melancholy: He plays reaſonable well on the Lute, and ſings well enough for a young Cavalier, who was more given to violent exerciſes then to theſe ſweet and peaceable. One day, for to expell the grief he felt, in theſe words expreſſing

Hopeleſs and helpleſs in my ſad diſtreſs,
I ſink, my griefs admitting no redreſs.

Thus the impriſoned *Philippin* comforted himſelf the beſt it was poſſible: But at laſt being not able to bear this weak and melancholy life, nor having any with whom he might freely converſe, his thoughts giving way to the vehemencie of his deſires, he was conſtrained to yield himſelf to the mercy of a ſickneſs, which brought him ſo low as within a foot of his grave; had it not been for his youth, good temper, and ſtrong diſpoſition, with the help of the Phyſitians and good means applied, he was even at the laſt point to loſe his life; and that moſt affected the ſad father, to ſee at point of death his onely ſon. Knowing the cauſe which brought him to this pittifull eſtate, he repented a thouſand times the cruelties he had uſed; an hundred times he promiſed him, but with words far from the thoughts of heart, to give him *Iſabel* to wife. At which name this poor dying man ſeem'd to enjoy new life; of ſuch ſtrength is the empire of Love in the moſt violent pangs of death. His ſoul took ſtrength at this feeble hope to encourage his body, and by little and little the hopes of life came again; but yet ſo leiſurely he recovered, as rather languiſhing then living, they knew not what to do to reſtore him. *Timoleon* having many houſes, had him conveyed from one to another,

to

to try if the change of air would give him health: but it comes as heavy as lead, although his ſickneſs came poſt; certainly it is eaſie to deſcend, ſays the Poet, but very hard to get up. The farther he went from *Bellerive*, the worſe he was, becauſe he was further off *Vaupre*, where was the only remedy of his longings, and the only air that could recover him.

The end of the firſt Book.

E ELISE,

ELISE,

OR

Innocencie guilty.

The Second Book.

NOt far from the *Pyrene* Mountains, amongſt many very pleaſant habitations, there is a little Hill, that for the beauty and fertility of it, the inhabitants call *Gold-Mount*. Here *Timoleon* hath a Caſtle, that hath two properties which lightly are not found together, being both ſtrong and fair, invironed with a pleaſant country, and accommodated with all the delights one can deſire in a Country-houſe. He commands *Philippin* to be removed thither, and accompanies him himſelf. But by reaſon they ſeparated him from the Center of his affections, all theſe ſweet delights of this pleaſant Country were to him bitter and unpleaſing: they are conſtrained to bring him back again to *Bellarive*; where when as he began by little and little to get ſtrength, helped by the hope he had not to be any more croſſed in his love; *Timoleon* having made *Scipion* tell him, that now he thought no more of thoſe promiſes which he had made him, that he did it but to cozen his diſeaſe; he fell ſuddenly into ſuch a terrible frenſie, that whereas in his firſt ſickneſs they thought only of the loſs of his life, this ſecond they thought to take away his wits; for this troubled him ſo ſtrangely, and produced ſuch unformed actions and fearfull words, as none had ever heard tell of the like raving. Here is *Timoleon* more afflicted then ever; and the Phyſitians much troubled to find the cauſe of this new diſeaſe of body, not any way

way conſidering the troubles of his mind, but only by conjectures drawn from the ſympathie of the two principal parts which compoſe our being, they imagine that having been bred at *Paris* and at Court, the air of the Country is not ſo natural as that of the Town for him, and that his ſadneſs cauſes theſe ſtrange humours in his ſpirit. *Timoleon* is perſwaded the ſame, and reſolves to bring him to a place where the frequenting of company might divert him from theſe melancholy fits. *Bellerive* is but a dayes journey from one of the principal Cities in *France*, where he may go without paſſing the bounds of his exile, which was not limited but within his own Provinces. There are more ſtore of Phyſitians and remedies at hand, and ſpiritual Comforters in greater number. His rank and quality noted in the Country, made him at firſt coming viſited by many of the chiefeſt perſons of remark. Time, which is the great Phyſitian of the affliction of the ſpirit, having drawn away the clouds which ſuffocated the reaſon of *Philippin*, renders him now more fit for conſolation then he had been before; and this houſe in Town ſeeming more like the life and air of the Court his firſt element, gives him ſome eaſe of his many ſufferings. Here of a ſudden he is returned to his ſenſes and perfect health; yet nevertheleſs always his heart returns towards *Vaupre*, as loving that ſide of the North. Many viſits he hath every day, as much for the reſpect of his father, as for the ſweetneſs of his own converſation. Though not quite healed of his wound, nothing is ſo pleaſing to him as to ſteal by himſelf ſometimes, to contemplate his thoughts in the object he could not ſee but with the eyes of his underſtanding. As many men as attend him, are as ſo many Watches; ſo that he might ſay as the holy Scripture ſaith, *So many domeſticks, as many enemies*

Timoleon, which ſaw this fire was covered with aſhes, not quite out; preſſed in part with deſire to divert his ſon from this affection prejudicial to the greatneſs of his houſe, and partly with deſire to ſee him married, which of neceſſity muſt be done; ſometimes conſulting if he ſhould ſend him into *Italy*, or to travel into *Spain*, or to imploy him in the Town in thoſe exerciſes which young Noblemen ordinarily uſe. His friends counſelled him not to ſend him into thoſe ſtrange Countries ſo ſuddenly after his ſickneſs; it is his only ſon, the light of his eyes, the ſtaff of his age; this changing of Country

will not change his affection, as marriage would. All conclude, that marriage was a tye that would settle him in peace, and bring him comfort, and assure his house, withdrawing him from all these youthfull passions. *Timoleon* makes choise of this, forced to it by his domestick necessities; for his so long having been a Courtier, living at a great height of expence, had brought him much behind-hand and in great debts, having been constrained to mortgage a good part of his estate. A good portion would clear all this. This deliberation made known, there would not need much time to find a fit Match for him, as being of so noble a house; the best in that Town would be very proud of his alliance, to match their daughter so honorably. A Magistrate of a soveraign Company, wonderfull rich, having but two Daughters, the eldest being married to one of the Officers of this Estate, the second we will call *Elise* for two reasons; for truly she bore the name of the famous Cousin visited by the Mother of our blessed Saviour, when she was with child of the Forerunner of *Messias*; and because methinks she hath somthing in her innocencie found fit to be compared to the Queen of *Carthage*, whom the Prince of the Roman Poets, that pleasing lyre, hath taxed with having committed a fault with *Æneas*, of which she is revenged by those which have written the true history of her chaste carriage.

This younger was a Maid, although but indifferently endowed with the gifts of nature in what concerns the face, in so much as she was judged better for a Wife then for a Mistress; but on the other side she was so endowed with vertue, and with that which most esteem, riches, that this abundance of gold was able to make any one to think deformity it self fair. *Timoleon* sees this Maid for his Son, and like him which more considered her wealth then her form, finds that this great portion would quite clear all his affairs, and disengage all his house. He speaks with *Scevole* (thus we will name this Magistrate, father of this Gentlewoman) who is not slow in opening his eyes on this great alliance, and promises to set all his rest, and to make *Elise* his absolute heir universal, so it may be accomplished. To ask & obtain, is all one thing. She is somethig elder then the Youth; but that is no matter, that's the least, *Timoleon* cares not for that; he shall have crowns in abundance, and which is more, an Officer which will maintain and govern

govern all the buſineſſes of his houſe: He concludes it abſolutely with *Scevole*, who doubts nothing of the obedience of his daughter, though *Timoleon* cannot aſſure himſelf of his ſons. Yet reſolved to imploy his force where love could get no place, one day having called him, makes a ſpeech to him with all the ſweetneſs he could borrow of his pride and greatneſs of his ſpirit: He ſhewed him the debts and neceſſities of his houſe, of which the fall and ruine was at hand, if it were not reſtored by ſome rich Match, and therefore counſelled him to think ſeriouſly on it, forgetting his unworthy thoughts of that *Iſabel* which had almoſt loſt him his life and wits too, and to beſtow his love upon ſome Lady of the City, without thinking longer of this Country-wench. Doth not he play the father of *Sampſon*, ſeeking to turn his ſon from the marriage of *Dalilah*?

His ſon finding himſelf uſed with all ſort of ſweetneſs, having heretofore found nothing but rough carriage, found himſelf touched in the tendreſt of his affections. But as it is impoſſible that a new Veſſel ſhould loſe the ſmell and colour of the liquor with which it hath been firſt fill'd; he was in great pain how to anſwer his father according to his deſire: And yet not willing to ſet him abroad to no purpoſe, he eſteemed it better to direct his ſpeech with that government, as might not ſeem altogether to oppoſe him. He began to conſider the neceſſities of his houſe, yet not eſteeming them other but that his father might repair them with good husbandry. But when he was urged by his father to ſeek a Match in the Town, after having excuſed himſelf of his tenderneſs of years unapt for that; *Timoleon* having taken him at that word, told him he ought not then to do it with *Iſabel*. Sir, I believe it, replied he, that marriages are made in heaven, and practiſed on earth; and it is hard to reſiſt the influence of this cauſe, being concluded above to that point. And therefore he beſought him to pardon him, having received of God free-will, and not of him: Although the reſpect he ought him might hinder him from marrying, yet his authority ſhould not be ſo tyrannous as to make him take a wife againſt his will: For not being poſſible to have both, he could never be others then hers, whom the heavens and his conſent had firſt given him. Scarce had *Timoleon* patience to hear his laſt word with a dying liberty, when putting himſelf into his accuſtomed threats and revilings,

lings, yet withholding himſelf in the midſt of this torrent as impetuous as impious, for fear to put this young Lord into thoſe extremities which his violent cruelty had heretofore reduced him to. So conſtraining his nature, he caſt himſelf on rebellion and diſobedience, and ingratitude of children; ſaying they were accompanied with the pride of liberty, that without any wiſdom or experience they will make laws to their fathers, and by their ſottiſh love and particular fancies bring deſolation to their houſe. With this his choler made him utter many frivolous threats; as, That if he did not marry, he would diſinherit him, and give him his curſe if he ſhould ever marry with his Vaſſal, reproaching him of baſeneſs and poorneſs of ſpirit; withall ſpeaking many invective words againſt this Gentlewoman, by reaſon of her skill in ſo many exerciſes, the rock and wheel being fitter for her. To all which *Philippin* anſwered with ſilence; excuſing himſelf, that having given his word and promiſe in writing given and received, he could not before God nor men take other wife but *Iſabel*, without deceiving her. Hereupon *Timoleon* conſulted with *Scevole*; yet hiding moſt part of his diſpleaſure, and theſe denials of *Philippin*: This fooliſh Boy (ſays he) being abroad one day, falls in love with a Tenants daughter of mine, a Gentleman here by, and ſo far as he hath promiſed marriage; Can this promiſe bind him? To which *Scevole* anſwered, no; but that all theſe private contracts, ſecret practiſes and flying oaths, promiſes by word or by writing, were as air or running water. *Timoleon* joyed as if *Scevole* had given him life, goes and conſults with the Theologians, which teach him the ſame doctrine, the laſt Councel of Oecumenie declaring null all marriages clandeſtine.

He returns to his ſon, of whom he promiſed himſelf an aſſured victory: For having demanded of him if he would ſubmit himſelf to his obedience, if he did ſhew him that all his oaths and ſignings were worth nothing; now this youth eſteeming them in full ſtrength, yielded to give him all honour and reſpect: He brings a company of Lawyers and Divines to decide this difficulty before him; but he eſteeming it a trick, would not believe them. He gives him liberty to go to any of the Town, to enquire himſelf; where having found conformity in all, he was much aſtoniſhed, finding himſelf taken by the noſe, to the prejudice of his affection. He muſt

doubt

doubt no more. Whilſt he ſtrives to hinder theſe baits, and to kick againſt the pricks, the more he fills his way, and puts himſelf into blame and ill opinion of all, and encourages his father to uſe his authority, who hath no watch but on his goods. He is reprehended of rebellion and diſobedience: here is heaven and earth againſt him, ſtoned with the reaſons of all thoſe which have no feeling or ſenſe of his love. One day ſeeing himſelf vanquiſhed by his Fathers propoſitions, which like a cunning Fencer preſſed him ſtill further; after having put the ſhame in his face, and turned all the fault on him; Sir, anſwered he, they which will ask a reaſon for Love, may as well ſeek freſh water in the ſea, or birds in the floods, and fiſhes in the air: For the reaſon of Love is Love it ſelf, whoſe empire is ſoſtrong, as it maintains it ſelf good againſt our ſelves, forcing us to do that we would not, and making us do that we ought not. 'T is true, theſe promiſes by words or writing are nothing in right, but yet in deed, for the one and the other are in being: That which I received of *Iſabel*, is in your power; but that which I writ and ſealed, is in her hands. I know not how to reſolve my ſelf of this ſhamefull denial, as long as theſe are in being firm; for they will ſerve for an eternal reproach of my infidelity, which will be to my perpetual ſhame.

Is this the cauſe, quoth *Timoleon*, that withholds you from ſhewing your duty in obeying my commands? Why, whether *Pyrrhe* will or no, it ſhall be very eaſie for me to break and make it of no effect. He ſuddenly diſpatches *Scipion* to *Vanpre* with the Promiſe of *Iſabel*, to deliver into into the hands of her father, and to demand that of his ſon; who was much aſtoniſhed to hear this news by the mouth of *Scipion*, with letters of credit from *Timoleon*: For as all this buſineſs was practiſed without his knowledge, he was much diſpleaſed that his daughter durſt proceed ſo far without his conſent, fearing ſome further buſineſs: but underſtanding of *Scipion* that had been an eye-witneſs of that nights meeting, that all their diſcourſe was performed according to laws of honour, and in preſence of *Harman*, who had received the promiſes in writing on the one part and the other; he had reaſon to ſay the ſame which the deſpiteful *Juno* ſaid againſt the Goddeſs of *Cypres*, in the greateſt of Poets:

Thou

Thou haſt acquir'd a victory, whoſe fame
Shall adde eternal trophies to thy name.
Fair Venus *and thy Son, whoſe powers all do*
Invoke with honour, and with reverence too:
If powerfull Gods with ſubtilties do ſubdue
A woman in thoſe arts ſhe never knew.

For how was it poſſible that poor *Iſabella* ſhould not yield at the perſwaſions of a brother, propoſing the greatneſs of a Marriage, on which (ſaid he) depends the happineſs of our houſe; beſides, being preſſed by his ardent affection to *Philippin*, which in his perſon wanted not perfections to deſerve the love and ſervice of all. Now *Pyrrhe*, although poor in the goods of fortune, was nevertheleſs ſo rich in honour, that he would not by any unlawfull means have come to a better. Having then promiſed *Scipion* to give *Timoleon* all contentment, and to employ his uttermoſt power for to return the Promiſe of *Philippin*; he called aſide his ſon and daughter in the preſence of their mother, and chid them ſharply for their proceedings; telling them how he had diſcovered from point to point (as he had heard from *Scipion*, though not naming him) their nights-meeting, their diſcourſe, and promiſes given in writing.

You never ſaw any ſo aſtoniſhed as *Harman* and *Iſabel* were; who threw herſelf at her fathers feet, asking pardon, excuſing herſelf by the permiſſion ſhe had to entertain this ſeeking of *Philippin*. But *Harman* more couragious, taking all the faule on him, beſought his father to excuſe the innocencie of his ſiſter, for whom he thought to procure a fortune very advantagious, nothing having paſt in all their affections which might any way alter the reputation of their family. But where is this Promiſe of *Philippin's?* quoth *Pyrrhe*. The which *Iſabel*, who carried it ordinarily in her boſom, gave freely into her fathers hands to diſpoſe of as he thought fit. They conſulted with themſelves, if they ſhould deliver it to the hands of *Scipion*, taking that which he brought, or if *Pyrrhe* ſhould go himſelf and deliver it to *Timoleon?* but found inconveniences in both theſe propoſitions; yet the moſt aſſured was that they reſolved: For in the firſt there was bounty and generoſity, and in the ſecond more certainty of reconciliation between the

the Lord and his Vaſſal, betwixt whom there was no ſmall hatred; and yet to truſt *Scipion* in a buſineſs of that importance, under a ſimple writing, was not fit. That *Pyrrhe* ſhould go ſpeak himſelf with *Timoleon*, there was ſome danger to be feared, being both of a ſtout courage, and of a Nation whoſe heads are very hot; falling to words, might produce ſome dangerous effect. *Harman* is appointed to go with *Scipion*, to return this promiſe to *Philippin*, and to bring back that of *Iſabel*. But the brother and ſiſter retired into ſecret counſel, intending other proceedings; for *Harman* reſolved to carry the promiſe to *Philippin* to ſummon him to the effecting of it, which was not according to the intention of his father. See but into what a labyrinth diſobedient youth thruſts it ſelf. He returns with *Scipion* to the City, leaving his ſiſter to the mercy of a mother which torments and uſes her cruelly: For *Valentine* finding this action odious and diſhonorable, had almoſt with her extreme chiding brought her to deſpair.

But let us leave her between the anvil and the hammer, between theſe aſſaults fatherly and motherly, refining the temper of her patience; to underſtand the good operations of *Harman*; who being arrived, inſtead of exchanging Promiſes, cites *Philippin* before the Juſtice, to acknowledge his Deed and Seal. *Philippin* received this aſſault ſtrangely; for he would have been very glad not to have denied his hand, yet this form of proceeding a little altered him. As for *Timoleon*, he was ſo enraged, that if he had met with *Harman*, he had torn him in as many peeces as a furious Lion would a Goat. *Scipion* ſaid, this was not the command of *Pyrrhe*; but that he ſhould render the Promiſe of the ſon, and receive that of his daughter. *Harman* ſtood obſtinately not to give it up, deſiring the advancement of his ſiſter againſt the will of his father. The diſpleaſure betwixt *Philippin* and *Harman* came by reaſon of the ſtrict watch *Timoleon* kept of his ſon, ſo neer, as he took away all means of communication, or writing. This ſignification was made by *Harman* ſo ſuddenly, as it was done without any conſultation of Lawyer or other councel; for having laid the buſineſs on the Table before the grave and wiſe Judges, they told him it was a ſimple part of him to undertake a buſineſs of that conteſtation. *Scevole* is advertiſed of it, who aſſures *Timoleon* to break all this like a glaſs. Yet *Harman* having ſpoken with *Philippin*, purſues his cauſe by the advice he had

of him; having received aſſurance, if it came to judgment, he would not detract either from his word or writing. In the mean time *Timoleon* diſpatches another Letter to *Pyrrhe*, in which he tells him, That the Gentleman he had ſent the other times had brought other teſtimonies of his worth then his ſon made now ſhew of; and that if he were a man of his word, he ſhould make *Harman* forbear theſe proceedings, the ſucceſs whereof would but turn to his confuſion; deſiring him to come himſelf, or to ſend a teſtimony of his expreſs will and pleaſure, that by that he might judge of his intentions; and that he would ſtill have him for his friend, if he would deal in that ſort, that his daughter might not pretend any alliance with his ſon.

At this news *Pyrrhe* fell into extreme choler againſt *Harman*, and getting on horſ-back, comes preſently to Town: where no ſooner arrived, but *Harman* retires for fear of his diſpleaſure. *Pyrrhe* deſires to ſee the writings of the Proceſs, and takes forth *Philippin's* Promiſe, and with the ſame ſpeed carries it to *Timoleon*, and in the delivery gives braving words and rodomontado's uſuall with thoſe of that Country. The ſubtile old man puts him off with fair words, without any other anſwer, but only that *Pyrrhe* had juſt reaſon to be angry with his ſon *Harman*, which had paſſed the command he gave him; and had reaſon like an honourable Gentleman to diſprove the proceeding of his daughter, who would have ſeduced *Philippin*. At which word (ſeduce) *Pyrrhe* enters into a new fury, which made him ſpeak wonders. But *Timoleon* was ſo glad to have gotten into his hands the Paper which ſo angred him, that he thought (as they ſay) to have the Wolf by the ears: ſo that giving way to the paſſion of *Pyrrhe* to gather ſcum at his pleaſure, he was content only to anſwer him thus coldly, That he was content to have him for his Vaſſal, but not for his Compation, and that he knew the means how to humble him at his pleaſure as time ſhould ſerve; that for the preſent he was content to return him the Promiſe of his daughter, counſelling him if he eſteemed the honour of his houſe, to deal with her in that ſort, as that ſhe ſhould not be ſo liberal of her promiſes and writings, otherwiſe he would hardly find her a husband. Theſe words ſpoken with ſomwhat a ſatyrical tone, bit outragiouſly cruel our *Pyrrhe*, never anſwering but with taunts and bravado's, making himſelf laught at by thoſe which heard him;

him; for although a Gentleman, he was nevertheleſs ſo inferior to *Timoleon*, as they were not to meaſure their ſwords together.

The Promiſes rendred, there was no more cauſe of pleading: *Pyrrhe* gave a diſavow of what his daughter had done, and *Timoleon* the ſame for his ſon; friends of both ſides ſeek to make peace with the vaſſal and his Lord. *Timoleon* for his part ſeems not unwilling: *Pyrrhe*, who knows of what importance it is to him to be reconciled, lets himſelf be eaſily drawn: words of precipitation are given in cholet, they part friends. Here are all the ſtrings of *Philippin's* bow broken; what ſhall he do? he is like the bird tyed by the leg, the more it flutters, the more it is pinched, and more it ſtrives, the more ſtrangled. *Pyrrhe* arrives, and keeps ſuch a life againſt his ſon and daughter, ſuch as one may judge of a proud man having loſt his pretenſions, and being returned with having engaged a piece of his honour. Whereas *Timoleon* triumphs on his ſide, and tells of his intention to match his ſon with *Eliſe*; ſhe was both vertuous and rich, which are two qualities which both the world and reaſon eſteem more then beauty. He knew not how to withſtand his father by contradiction; his youth told him this was another *Lea* that they would put upon him in ſtead of his fair *Rachel*; for truly this Maid had not ſo much of beauty as to be eſteemed fair, and yet enough to warrant her from the title of being ilfavoured, although ſhe was ſo in the opinion of *Philippin*, not being fair; his thoughts are continually occupied in the idea of *Iſabel*, whoſe only name ſpake beauty it ſelf, and was able to make the brighteſt ſtar appear to him deformed. What ſhall he do? for this grief is incident to all: He feigns to be touched in conſcience with many ſcruples; not contented with the reſtitutions of their Promiſes, he will have an act of Juſtice for his juſtification. *Timoleon* demands it of *Scevole*, who obtains it incontinently by his credit, and by reaſon and juſtice. This is not enough, he ſays; it was their parents which have made reſtitution of the Contracts, but he held not himſelf diſengaged, if firſt he ſaw not a writing of *Iſabel*, by which ſhe acquitted him of his promiſe by words; eſteeming that a man of worth is as much bound to preſerve his word as his writ; the writing being nothing but a viſible teſtimony of faith given. Said this young Lord to himſelf, *Iſabel* will never ſign to ſuch a diſavow, and

if she should, he might have just occasion to complain of her, and to accuse her of inconstancie and aptness to change: *Timoleon*, who saw that this was the last rampire of his sons obstination, having promised his father to think of *Elise*, if this Disavow were but obtained; anew sollicites *Pyrrhe*, desiring him to oblige him so much as to procure him a declaration from his daughter, importing the return of his sons word given her, although it were no way necessary but to satisfie the scruples of the conscience of *Philippin*; promising to acknowledg this courtesie by those good offices, which should bind him to believe their reconciliation was not fained. *Pyrrhe*, which saw himself sought to by his Lord, and in a thing wherein he believed to return that which he thought he had engaged his reputation in at their last meeting; promised to *Scipion* incontinently, who was imployed in this business, to give him that which *Timoleon* demanded. But he counted without his Host, forasmuch as he found more resistance in *Isabella* in this, then he had ever done before: For judging well by this (as she was wise) that *Philippin* sought all possible means to defer the marriage with *Elise*, of which she had already had news, being now common in City and Country, she plainly shewed her unwillingness, saying that was unnecessary, and that she would not give a writing which might prove prejudicial to her honour. But in the end *Pyrrhe* and *Valentine* her mother threatned her so much, that having drawn from her many Letters which gave testimony enough of her constrained writing to that effect, at last contented themselves with this, where she seemed to open herself with more freedom and liberty, addressing herself to *Timoleon* thus:

My Lord,

'MY duty ties me to the obedience of my parents; I write 'to you by their commands, to free my Lord your son 'of those scruples of conscience whereby he might any way 'be touched for those Promises with which it pleased his af-'fection to overtake my credulity. My Lord, both he and I 'are so much theirs who have brought us into the world, that 'it seems not only our lives, but also our fortunes, our wills 'and words depend absolutely on their authority. Methought 'it had been enough to have rendred the promises in writing, 'without pressing me any further to renounce by letter his

'pro-

'protestations to me; the which I do for your satisfaction
'and his, and to content my father who commanded me. This
'is not to complain, but rather to give a testimony of joy that
'I receive in the news of the marriage which I understand you
'intend to imbark him in: I wish to God it may prove as hap-
'py to him as I desire it. If I were free, and that my presence
'might not bring any hindrance to your joy, I would be one
'in that assembly, to raise by the shadow of my defects the
'brightness of this chain of gold you'll put about his neck. I
'believe the feast will be great, and will not pass without those
'exercises, of which I promise my self I should give a testimo-
'ny of my skill and courage, which would raise me far beyond
'those of my condition. But because this cannot be without
'troubling your content and his conscience, I will give you
'a testimony of it by the freedom of this disavow; That al-
'though I am not rich enough to be your daughter-in-law, I
'have yet courage to disdain the quality, in leaving the posses-
'sion to another, and suffer without grief what my self hath
'lost. Do not misunderstand me, that I accuse you of rigor
'or cruelty, or my father of constraint, being you both do me
'a great favour in breaking my bands and setting me in my
'first liberty; it is a grace for which I ought rather to thank
'you, then to complain as of injustice. All that angers me,
'(you will be pleased I may use the priviledge of my sex, my
'Lord, to speak freely to you) is a true report which hath
'been delivered me of some certain disgracefull words have
'slipt from your judgment, prejudicial to my reputation:
'My Lord, you know my exercises, and that I carry somthing
'else by my side then a Spindle to be revenged, and to prove
'lyars all those who would offend that which is dearer to me
'then life. I desire no other testimony then your sons against
'you; of whom I did not entertain the love, but by permission
'of my friends; as I now renounce, to shew my obedience.
'It may be some detractor hath deceived you, making you
'believe otherwise of me then you ought; wherein, when you
'please, you may confess your error. I must give thanks to her
'whom you have made choice of for your daughter, to enter
'into your alliance, having made me retire; for I would not
'have a father-in-law that should esteem me other then what
'I am: If she be more noble in riches, I may highly say I am
'richer in nobility; and if she be above me in rank, I am

'before

'before her in blood: Jealousie I have none for looks, being 'I esteem not the greatness of persons but by their vertues and 'worth; it is not in a hin of gold that true merit is measured; 'I care as little to yield to her in that, as I esteem to be above 'her; that if you love her better for your son then I, I love 'her as well for you as for your son. I wish you more happiness 'and content in this alliance, then you have hoped for of mine; 'returning you by the commandment of my parents all those 'Promises that I might have pretended of my Lord your son, 'from whom I expect the same return, and in the same form 'as hath fallen from my pen. And for satisfaction of all these 'wrongs, I will but make a solemn protestation to remain for 'ever your Servant, expecting a more happy condition takes 'me from the quality of *Your Vassal.*

This long Letter, conformable to the humour of *Pyrrhe*, and the generosity of the Amazon, was delivered to *Scipion*: which he having given to *Timoleon*, brought more subject of laughter then of choler. For boasting is so ordinary with this Nation, as being their common discourse, joyned with the quality of the person, took away all occasion of having any feeling of this. It is shewed to *Philippin*; who knowing the hand, yet noting many places procured by constraint, is nevertheless pressed by *Timoleon* to take this return for sufficient, with command to pay her in her own mony, which was in this manner to *Pyrrhe*.

Sir,

'I Have seen that which by your commandment your *Amazon* hath written to my father; worthy truly of her humour and courage, and all tissued with a high stile, and 'feathered bravely, as if she spake a horse-back to an old man 'who is resolved not to vanquish her but by courtesie. Of 'me she ought to expect nothing but all service, and no oppositions against her pleasures: And would to God she were as 'free, as she is in speaking; and that the duty which I owe to 'those whom I owe all, did not force me to send back the 'gages of her Promises solemnly sworn. But since the unhappy influence of our stars hath separated us, I am very glad 'she hath first cut the knot, which I esteemed the only knife of 'death to have served *Alexander*. I will not answer to her high

'high words but with humilities; since not having changed 'heart, I cannot change my discourse. If I send back her Pro-'mises which she made me, it is not for disdain of having re-'ceived mine, but because she asking that which is hers, I can-'not detain them without injustice. I would not complain 'for the respect I owe her, and for that which I owe to my 'own modesty. Of all these changes I neither accuse her cou-'rage nor yours, as I must intreat you neither to tax nor touch 'mine. I can complain of nothing but my ill fortune, which 'permits me not to enjoy that I desire, but carries me to that 'I flie, with a destiny inevitable. 'Tis in vain to withstand a 'torrent; 'tis prudence to yield to a misfortune which we can-'not withstand; 'tis wisdom to render our arms when we can-'not vanquish. She which returns my word in calling her 'own, teaches me by wise obedience what emperie Reason 'should have of Passion, and what an ascendant power Duty 'hath of a supple spirit. Having never seen but perfections in 'all her carriages, I will from henceforth believe that Change 'is a vertue, since she puts it in practice. Her action being then 'my rule, her example shall serve for my reason. Heaven wit-'ness with me, it is to please her that I return that she will 'have, and which I cannot keep against her will. Knowing 'well how much I ever honoured her, I could not better make 'shew how I esteem her vertues, but in imitating them; that 'if I be accused of inconstancie, shall I not have reason to call 'this accusation unjust, that disproves in others that which 'they authorise in themselves? I confess to you, Sir, that I 'have used all possible means to preserve inviolable my bonds: 'but since they have broken my chains, I cannot hinder them 'to tie me in another place, since my fortune and birth have 'made me fit for servitude. It is not that I should not have 'honoured your alliance, and that I shall not try by all sort of 'services to give your house proofs of my love: But since I 'must follow the course that first enchained me, I let my self 'be carried by a stream of water which promiseth me nothing 'but a sea of bitterness. I go then to put my will under those 'commands of my father; God grant that my obedience make 'this sacrifice more happy then my augure tells me, and bless 'you with as many prosperities as you desire.

He which shall be your servant,
as long as he hath life.

Ti-

Timoleon found many things in this Letter contrary to his humour; nevertheleſs was glad to draw what he could from this ill pair; and did not deſire altogether to diſpleaſe this young man, in conſtraining him to write another more conformable to his own fancie, being that in effect he had what he deſired, with the return of the word of *Iſabel*; who had no ſooner had communication of this writing that *Pyrrhe* let her ſee, but left almoſt to live with having ended the Letter. To tell you the raving and aſſault that this wrought in her ſpirit, cannot be expreſſed but by ſilence: Yet nevertheleſs being wiſe and diſcreet, at firſt, and before her father ſhe ſtrongly diſſembled the grief which pinched her very heart, ſhewing ſo conſtant in apparence, that you would have ſaid this action of *Philippin's* was indifferent to her. But when ſhe was retired into her private Cabinet, and this retreat, without teſtimonies, gave her liberty to recall her paſſion; ſaying thoſe words, and uſing thoſe actions, which ſhe ought neither to have done nor ſaid, if ſhe had had but any reaſon left; there wanted not much that her ſoul had not ſtollen from her in her abundance of tears, and that the ſobs and ſighs had not ſtopped her breath. I will not with a lazie pen fill the pages of this book with reciting the inutility of her complaints; we muſt leave them to the divining of thoſe ſouls outraged by feeling the like diſgrace. How many different projects rolled in her thoughts? Sometime ſhe would, in a ſute of her brothers, go find out this perfidious Lord, to grapple with him like a Fury revengetrix, and to cover him with reproaches of his weakneſs and inconſtancie. But as ſhe was of a great ſpirit, the conſideration of her honour held her within the bounds of modeſty; knowing well that ſuch a habit would wrap her in an everlaſting infamy. But then ſhall ſhe dye an obſcure death, not only deprived of enjoying her legitimate pretenſions, but alſo of revenge? I aſſure you, that between theſe two extremities her underſtanding was thrown into ſtrange convulſions. In this outrage ſhe became invironed with ſo ſtrong a melancholy, that ſhe would neither ſee any, nor be ſeen of any; if ſhe could have ſeparated herſelf from herſelf, ſhe would willingly have done it. So ſhe fell into a profound ſlumber, forced by a thouſand griefs, nor thinking of ought but of diſpleaſures which continually pelled her patience.

Sad

Sad ſpecters did her ſoul affright
With the black horrors of the night,
Which through the caſements of her eyes
Diffus'd a thouſand jealouſies:
So that the light being gone, her ſenſe did fail,
Hope did expire, and her fear prevail.

A thouſand thoughts of things tranſacted,
Of promiſes broke and kept, diſtracted
Her ſpirits ſo perplex'd with grief,
Th'admitted not the leaſt relief.
Which like the 'larum of a Watch did keep
Her mind in motion, and debarr'd her ſleep.

Theſe crimes which from the horror of a black
And clouded conſcience all the ſenſes rack,
Tranſcend thoſe tortures which poor miſereants feel
In fetters chain'd, or broken on the wheel.
Since crimes increaſe, and make affliction higher,
Like heaped fewel on a flaming fire.

Frighted with diſmal dreams, ſhe paſſeth ore
The ſolitary night, and doth deplore
Her pitteous ſtate ſo, that her poor heart lyes
Floting half-drown'd i'th' deluge of her eyes.
The ſum of all her joyes being but to think
Thoſe joyes are ſhipwrack't, and her ſoul muſt ſink.

Thus the unfortunate *Amazon* tormenting herſelf without comfort, nothing pleaſes her, being ſo diſpleaſed with herſelf: Nights are tedious to her, having loſt her accuſtomed repoſe; and Day as unwelcome, becauſe it makes her ſee too cleerly her diſaſter. This is not that *Atalanta* that deſtroyed by her valour the number of Bores in this our *Theſſaly*. The horror of the woods, which heretofore were ſo pleaſing while the eye of day looked favourably on her, is now become moſt fearfull: She troubles no more the dark ſolitary Forreſts, the aſſemblies of hunting are no more lightned with this ſtar; and that which moſt of all diſpleaſes, is, that every one ſpends their judgments and makes diſcourſes according to their fancies, of this her change of life and humour.

She hates the publike light, but ſilence loves
And lonely ſhades of ſolitary groves.

Her parents, which knew the cauſe of grief, yet having no remedy, were much affected; *Valentine* principally, which ſaw the flowers fade in the face of this Virgin whom ſhe loved ſo dearly, was exceſſively tormented, curſing the hour that ever ſhe knew *Philippin*. But *Pyrrhe* and *Harman*, who knew that this ſtrange manner of life gave occaſion of talk to many men, are touched with a more lively feeling. Poor men! if the thorns prick you being ſcarce ſhot forth, how will you endure them when they become more hard and leſs corrigible? ſhe will be cauſe of your loſs of life and honour.

But let us leave her deſolate in her melancholy, to ſee what is done in the City touching the marriage of *Philippin*: There he is imbarqued by the commandment of his father in the reſearch of *Eliſe*: But how can we call it a reſearch, which is already agreed on by their friends? *Timoleon* is agreed with *Scevole*, who offers him a blank, promiſing ſuch a dowry as ſhould quite diſengage his houſe, making his daughter his univerſal heir, and putting her in poſſeſſion of more then he could imagine.

Oraculous Idol! who doth not adore
Thy ſhrine, and reverence the refulgent Oar?

He that ſaid, Liberty is a bleſſing he would not ſell for all the good in the world, is deceived in more then the half of the juſt price; becauſe in the world there are as many and more chains of gold then of iron: For is it not gold which makes the ſervitude of idols, againſt which the Apoſtle cries ſo loud? *Philippin* goes to make experience, who marries more to ſatisfie the covetous eyes of his father, then for his own deſires; marries rather coffers and wealth, then the perſon of a woman; nor doth he go to this alliance but with one wing, being there is nothing more diſpleaſing then an affection ordained for intereſt and good of others; Will being of a quality ſo free, that commanded, it is to put it in a ſwound.

Harſh

Harſh law of that Authority which reſtraints,
And binds our deareſt Liberty in chains?
What? can we not defend our ſelves, but muſt
Submit to Tyrant-Duty, though unjuſt.
'Tis ſad! yet teaches that we ſhould obay,
Where Rigor and Severity bear ſway.

So *Timoleon* judged it would be very hard to draw ſuch lively flames as the firſt, by the beauty of this ſecond, makes *Philippin* take *Eliſe* as a ſick man doth a medicine, and as *Laban* gave *Leah* to *Jacob*, without almoſt ſeeing her. Not that ſhe was unworthy to be conſidered, not being ſo unpleaſing but ſhe might deſerve the love of any: but truly, how ſhe could be loved with the love of friendſhip, I will not ſay; but very hardly by that of love, by a heart already enjoyed, as was this of our young Courtiers. He nevertheleſs ſees her, more ſatiſfied with her vertue, then amorous of her perſon; and entertains her like a man whoſe affection is rather in his looks then in his heart. It is a ſimple thing to make love by commandment; in the end he enters like a fiſh into a net, even as forced, not having any will that the beginning ſhould tie a knot of neceſſity which could not be broken but with the ſharpneſs of death, and with all the repentings in the world could not be diſſolved during life; for it is not in humane power to diſjoyn thoſe which the divine hath joyned.

Eliſe, this innocent unfortunate creature, which is the principal perſon in this tragick Scene which we preſent, was a Gentlewoman well born, endowed with more chaſtity and vertues then beauty of face; for it appears in this our lamentable age wherein we live, that beauty and vertue are enemies. Her mother, wife of *Scevole* her father, ſhall be by us for her wiſdom called *Sophie*: her birth was not ſo illuſtrious, as ſhe was full of vertues; for,

Who in rare manners hath her ſexe outgone?
Next comes her daughter, and gives place to none.

She had brought up theſe two Daughters, which were all the children ſhe had, with much modeſty and great fear of God; and as *Eliſe* had been longer under her diſcipline then

her ſiſter *Elinor*, ſo ſhe ſurpaſſed her in humility and obedience. She was of more years then *Philippin*, but very few, being very diſcreet and judicious, that nothing was wanting in her to make her an accompliſhed mother of a family: Her vertue, ſweetneſs, modeſty, and the extreme affection ſhe had to her husband, was ſo great, that in the end he was conſtrained by ſo many obligations of ſtrong chains to love. You would have ſaid that ſhe brought into the houſe of *Timoleon* the ſame qualities that *Raguel* ordained in his daughter *Sara* in the houſe of *Tobias*. She was quiet and pleaſing to her husband, reſpectfull and ſerviceable to her Father-in-law, who became almoſt her idolater, he was ſo much raviſhed with the good offices ſhe rendred him.

Philippin, who is not altogether inſenſible, is conſtrained to yield to ſo much goodneſs; for there is no heart ſo hard, ſays an Antient, which will not give love not being conſtrained, for the only price of love is love; the charm without witchcraft to make one beloved, is to love: And what appearance is there not to love her, which loved but him; who loved not day but to ſee him, nor breathed but to pleaſe him? He muſt be a rock that ſhould not yield himſelf to ſo juſt, ſo holy and legitimate a flame. For although his thoughts refuſed, and his imagination filled with the conſideration of another idea, not leaving any void to imprint this new impreſſion; yet his reaſon vanquiſhed by ſo much love, is conſtrained to acknowledge it by a mutual return of love. You would ſay that as *Iſaac* tempred the grief he had for the death of his mother, by the coming of his wife; ſo our new Bridegroom forgetting altogether his firſt furies, to range himſelf within the bounds of duty and obedience, wrapping up theſe flying fires in the ſacred and ſolid: marriage is a wiſe march, which we ought to conduct with much temperance and good government. That husband which expects ſo much ſecking from his wife, is, as an Antient ſays, no other but an adulterer; thoſe who mingle ſo much niceneſs and curioſity in this venerable alliance, ſtrengthening their valour and eſteeming their dignity. This Sacrament ought rather to be practiſed by ripe and ſtaid judgments, then by heat and deſire. Happy had *Philippin* been, had theſe conſiderations been weighed in the other ſcale of his carriage: but his years too tender did not as yet make him capable of theſe ſolid governments; but only neceſſity, the

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seat of his father, and the strong ascendant power the vertues of his new wife had gained in his judgment, held him within the bounds of duty, with much admiration of all those which saw it, who would never have thought so happy a beginning in marriage to have had so unfortunate an end, as this which I have almost with horror writ. Thrice happy *Elise*, as the Poet says of his *Dido*, if on the borders of *Carthage Æneas* had never arrived, than under a shinie shew of being free and noble, hid falshood and disloyalty. *Elise* was but too happy, we may say of her, if her parents had not been blinded with the brightness of immoderate ambition, bringing her to so great and illustrious an alliance; for this height serves her but like that of the Tortoise, which is raised by the Eagle to be thrown upon the rocks and broken in a thousand peeces. If resemblance of dispositions is the cause of the firmnes of friendship, equality is also the surest pillar of a good marriage: For disproportions in birth or in faculties, early or late, brings always distastes and riots; these are the seeds of divisions for the latter season. All this nevertheless appears no more in the beginning of the marriage, then seeds freely sowed in the earth: but such as you sow, such shall you reap.

Timolein brings his son and daughter to *Bellerive*, so full of joy and contentment to see himself freed of his debts, the business of his house in the hands of one both wise and of authority, his son delivered (as he thought) of his antient passions; that there was not any of all those which visited him, to which he did not shew in his face and in his discourse the excess of his joy. He was so carefully served, so religiously honoured by his daughter-in-law, that he esteemed by this fashion his life crowned with the happiest age imagineable; he thinks of nothing but making good cheer, and running smoothly the rest of his days. The care of his domestick businesses troubled him not; for *Elise*, instructed in the knowledge of these things by her mother *Sophie*, in her tendrest years, takes all this charge; and with such care and good order, as nothing was wanting, all in abundance, every one content, and all the world blessed them. What doth not a vertuous and well given person, accompanied with piety, perform? she inspires all the house with devotion; it is a salt which seasons all things: she is *Mary* in her orisons, *Martha* in her solitude: you would say by her vigilance and affairs, that she had no time for prayer;

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and seeing her spiritual exercises, that she spent no time but in prayer, all sweetness in her exterior, all fervor in her interior, the perpetual visits of compames did no way divert her from the service of God. It is wisdom in a woman, to be watchfull in great things, without neglecting the least: Humble, gracious, temperate, wise, advised, modest, pleasing, merry, the honour and glory of her race, and of all that country. How is not *Philippin* heart charmed with so much merits, he wanted nothing but little more judgment to esteem so many obliging qualities.

Among those which came to visit *Timoleon* and *Philippin*, to congratulate this happy alliance, *Pyrrhe* and *Hermon* failed not, to which their neighbourhood obliged, as also their vassalage. There is no speech of what's past: *Timoleon* keeps an open table: *Philippin* strives to oblige them a thousand ways. Our young son is married, he hath no more need of a Governour, having so good a Governess. The exercises of hunting are renewed, which the Citizen understands not so well as the Country-wench: *Elise* understands nothing but what a woman ought to know: *Isabel* is a souldier of the long robe. She hears by the mouth of fame, not without jealousie, the incomparable vertues of *Elise*; but when she knew the preheminence of beauty she herself had of her, this temperated this passion in her heart; she is resolved of a perpetual pining, and to spend her days in the violent exercises of hunting, so fit for the preservation of chastity. Was it despight, or a despair to recouquer *Philippin*, which had healed her? it is so as she hath gained her first air and fashion.

The Gentlemen thereabouts, to honour this new marriage of *Elise*, make meeting at *Bellerive*, where many courses and turnirs are practised, and where *Isabel* is in company of her father and brothers, and did perform wonders. She comes in company of her mother *Valentine*, to see *Elise* and her mother *Sophie*, which came to help her in her household-government. This visit filled all the neighbourhood with joy and content, seeing this quarrel altogether extinguished. There *Elise* sees *Isabel* with the eyes of a Dove full of meeknes, like simplicity it self, using her with those courtesies so extremely obliging, that shewed plainly the goodness of her heart. But the other more malitious, beheld her as one which had robbed her of her treasure, dissembling nevertheless with much art the

thoughts of her heart, although ſhe felt much grief within, diſtilling from her lips a beam of enamelled words. O how contrary were the thoughts of theſe two Rivals/ the one full of vertue, admired and loved the graces which God had endued her with; the other with a jealous envy conſulted often with her glaſs, to ſee what advantage her complexion had of that of her ſupplanter.

Timoleon, who fears from the eyes of this Baſilisk to his ſon a new wound worſe the firſt, hath always an eye on the actions of *Philippin*; who trembling under the eyes of his father, like a ſcholar under the rod of his maſter, to hinder all ſuſpition, governs his looks and diſcourſe in ſuch a faſhion, that he ſpeaks but of ordinary things in the ears of all, nor beholds this object but as a thing indifferent, nor ſeems too much reſerved, nor to appear artificious or conſtrained, but with a mediocrity of freedom makes them think him without a deſign; thus he deceives the eyes of this *Argus* that watcheth him. All this is but artificial within, although without he makes no ſhew of any thing but ſimplicity. But even as the fire of thunder, the more it is incloſed in the clouds, the greater is the lightning it ſhoots forth; ſo the more there was conſtraint, the more dangerouſly he lanched his looks on this *Amazon*, heretofore ſo paſſionately deſired; yet nevertheleſs he felt great contention in himſelf betwixt reaſon and his deſire: For when Reaſon was miſtreſs, favoured by the abſence of *Iſabel*, and the ſight of ſo many vertues which ſhined in all the parts of his *Eliſe*, he tryed with a ſponge to forget and deface the form of this Face, the idea of which tormented him. Sometime being alone, to ſtrengthen him in this juſt war of Reaſon againſt Deſire, animating himſelf to follow the part of vertue, by theſe fair words enſuing.

Moſt vain and fruitleſs are my long deſires,
Fed and fomented by a world of fires
Which burn my ſoul; *the air in which I breath*
Rendring me like a ſacrifice of death.
Deſires in troops aſſail poor me oppreſt,
And Viper-like *feed on my tender breaſt.*
Inhumane thoughts poſſeſs my ſoul, the high
And active flame *of my great thoughts doth flie*
Beyond all fear, *and through diſdains wide gate*
Tranſport my ſenſe *above the reach of fate.*

Con-

Confirm that Object *which you did firſt grace,*
Help to conduct and guide him to his place:
And thoſe diſdains which with ſuch joy abound,
May happily be returned ſafe and ſound.
That with you that bright Shrine *of* her *may go,*
To whom *ſuch homage I did lately ſhew:*
Or let her *ſtay, and be eſteem'd ſo foul*
And loathſom, that the faculties of my ſoul
May abhor her beſt perfections, *and contemn*
The quite forgotten thoughts of her *or* them.

Poor *Philippin*, thou ſpeakeſt well, now that thy reaſons are ſtrengthened by the ſervices of thy *Eliſe*, which kept thee maſter of thy deſires: but when the law of ſenſe rebels againſt that of thy underſtanding, ſowing revolts, ſeditions and contradictions in the city of thy exterior, 'tis then that loſing courage, thou returneſt into thy firſt frenſies: yet fight thy ſelf, and thou mayſt become a reaſonable vanquiſher, vanquiſh thy paſſion.

The whilſt theſe active viſits paſſed under colour of civility, being made more frequent then *Timoleon* could have deſired; the hunting ſerved often for a pretext, but another cauſe is the ſubject. The cunning old man intends to get before this misfortune, and not to fall from a fever to a hotter ill, cut off all new beginnings of loves. Although his ſon be not much advanced in years, yet marriage having given him more liberty, it would be unfit to exerciſe upon him the ſame commandments and rigorous cruelty which he uſed to him being a youth. Remedy there is none better then that Phyſitians practiſe in the cure of cathars and rheums, diverting them when they cannot dry them. We have ſaid that *Monte-gold* is a very fair Caſtle, and of ſtrength and importance, which was within three days journy of *Bellerive*, at the foot of the Pyrene mountains. Under pretext to ſhew it to his daughter-in-law, he brings all his train, and that of his ſons. 'Twas *Philippin* who was diſoriented, but more *Iſabella*; who at this laſt ſight had ſo increaſed her flames, whether it were by temptation or otherwiſe, that thus being deprived, it had almoſt caſt her into her grave: ſhe judged this remove was cauſed againſt her; ſhe knew no remedy but to flie to patience. *Philippin* was ſomwhat aſtoniſhed at firſt for this abſence, and remains ſad

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and penſive ſome time. But this light fire which began to burn about his heart, kindled by the ſight of this object, this abſence made his relenting leſs: For as one wins by the loſing of others, ſo there is no doubt but abſence revives, as preſence kills. The holy and ſincere love of *Eliſe* won him ſo ſtrongly, that his reaſon was quite renewed; for if Vertue, as an Antient ſaith, would raviſh altogether the heart, if it were but viſible, why ſhould it not raviſh his, ſhewing ſo viſibly in the perſon of the chaſte *Eliſe?*

Oh if he had made in this time a happy proviſion of wiſdom, or if he had taſted ſeriouſly and ſolidly this butter and honey of diſcretion, which makes one diſtinguiſh good from evil, he might well have known the extreme difference which is between a vertuous affection juſt and holy, and a bruitiſh paſſion unlawfull and diſhoneſt: For in ſtead of the precious balm of this, as the ſweet ſmell of a flowry field pleaſing both heaven and earth, God and men, giving to thoſe which ſavoured as they ought a taſte of the pleaſures of Paradiſe; the infamous exhalation of the other defames the proper authors, ſcandalizes their neighbours, and makes them feel in its tyrannie a forerunning of the unquietneſs and torments of hell. If *Philippin* could but have conceived to have reduced in effect this thought, we ſhould not be in pain to find words pittifull enough to expreſs the calamities which drive him in conſequences of depravings inſupportable. But not to make him unfortunate before his time, give us leiſure to conſider him in this good hap, too great for him, if he could but have known or comprehended it. For as if void, or at leaſt exempt of the moſt lively points of his firſt love which tormented him, he thought of nothing more then pleaſing his father, and full of deſire ro render himſelf reciprocal to the tender affections of his new Bride *Eliſe*; paſſing in this faſhion the moſt quiet and tranquile life as may fall into humane thoughts, in eaſe, wealth, paſtime, and abundance, without ſolitude; all honour and invite him, rejoice and are pleaſed with his fortune. Truly he enjoyed a happineſs not common, and which cannot be eaſily conceived but by thoſe which know the difference of a vicious frivolous love, and a conſtant and vertuous; for the glory of ſuch delights cannot be comprehended by all ſorts of underſtandings. The ſun never ſhines on the earth, but it brings to theſe chaſte Lovers ſome ray of new favour; Night

ſhewed not ſo many torches in the deepeſt of the heavens, as they kindled fires in their ſouls; their contentments not ſuffocated with their holy and legitimate uſage, finding as in heaven deſire in ſociety, becauſe that modeſty held their ſincere affections under the bridle of reaſon in ſuch a faſhion, that being poſſeſſors of their deſires, they ſeemed yet to deſire the poſſeſſion, by a ſtrange agreeing in hope of enjoying. It pleaſes me to paint thus fair and pure, though ſoft and delicate, theſe marriage-affections; becauſe methinks one cannot ſet too high a price of that which is legitimate: For why? all that is good, all that is holy and chaſte, all that ſavours well and which hath renown of worthy, ought it not to be raiſed by a Pen, which hath no other end in that he writes but to honour vertue, and deteſt vice? Muſt we always repreſent *Antigonus* with that ſide his eye was worſt? ſhall we never ſhew draughts with our pencil, that we may ſhew that ſide which is moſt pleaſing? Malicious pens will do wonders to ſet forth falſhoods with that art, that it is uneaſie to read them without being filled with ill ſuggeſtions; and ſhall it not be permitted them which fight for chaſtity, to ſhew the legitimate incloſures in this ſacred bond, or according to the Apoſtle, that their bed is without ſtain, which is the true ſign of Chriſtianity? But alas, how fair weather keeps leaſt conſtantly his clearneſs; and how few days cleer, but are troubled with ſome clouds! Whilſt *Philippin* makes heaven jealous of the felicities he enjoys on earth, this fair day hath his night; and as his ſubjection was his happineſs, his liberty was his ruine.

ELISE,

OR

Innocencie guilty.

The Third Book.

THe Sun was now the third time in midſt of the courſe of his twelve houſes. Now the thoughts of his Idea *Iſabel* was ſo weak in his ſoul, that he thought not of her but as a thing indifferent; he ſees but by the eyes of his *Eliſe*, nor diſcerns nothing but by her judgment; ſo poſſeſſed by the object of ſo much vertue, that vice could have no place in his ſoul. This Golden Mountain was a hill of perfections; and for the temporal bleſſings and ſpiritual that God ſhewed largely upon this houſe, one might have called it a Mountain of God; a mountain very fertile, a Mountain in which it pleaſed God to inhabit; God filled it with his bleſſings in favour of *Eliſe*, as he did heretofore the houſe of *Laban* in conſideration of *Jacob*.

Timoleon ſeeing his hopes and deſires ſurmounted by his proſperities; ſayes ſometimes as *Themiſtocles* chaſed from *Athens*, That he had been loſt if he had not been loſt; and his following of the Court would have ruined his houſe, if his baniſhment from thence had not called him to its reſtoring. He ſees himſelf new-born in the beginning of a poſterity; for during this time *Eliſe* was brought to bed of a daughter, which *Timoleon* named by the name of his wife deceaſed, which was that of the famous Penitent, which we will expreſs by that of *Dalimene*. He deſires a ſon; there is great likelihood heaven will grant him this grace; for *Eliſe* had ſome feeling of a

ſecond birth, when all of a ſudden a great outrage came and troubled theſe felicities, and to cover with thorns ſo many roſes. It was the unexpected and ſudden death of *Timoleon*, who going a hunting, fell from his horſe coming down a ſteep place; and having much bruiſed his head, a hurt very dangerous to old men, he yet had ſome time to think of the health of his ſoul, and ſo yielded his breath to God; not having had leiſure to exhort his ſon, nor to diſpoſe of any thing whatſoever. They carry home the body (for he dyed in the fields) in a blanket to *Gold-mount*. Which poor *Eliſe* thinking had been the Stag which they had hunted, ran full of joy to meet her Father-in-law deceaſed: which when ſhe ſaw, it touched her ſo lively, the paſſions of joy and melancholy meeting together in her heart, that ſhe fell into a ſwound; and being in the eſtate ſhe was, brought her almoſt to keep company with her deceaſed father. But too happy, if this misfortune had but fallen on her; for then this bloody tragedy would have ended, which we intend to write; for after this, ill fortune never ceaſed to perſecute her innocence, even to make her guilty of death, without having committed any crime at all. Injurious fortune, when wilt thou ceaſe thus to perſecute vertue? ill encountred Canker, muſt thou have ſtill the faireſt Roſes?

Bellerive is the burial-place of the anceſtors of *Timoleon*; the pleaſure of *Gold-mount* is turned into ſadneſs by the accident of his death: This body muſt be conducted to the ſepulchre of his fathers. O *Philippin*, whither goeſt thou? muſt thou, to ſhew thy love and duty to the dead, give death to thy Love? or rather to light with thoſe Funeral-torches the fearfull brand of this *Iſabel*, which will reduce thee and thine honour into duſt? Oh if the lips of *Timoleon* could but ſpeak, they would counſel thee from this journy: Oh if death would permit him to make an oration to thee, with what efficacie of words would he have diſſwaded the meeting the firſt object of thy flames. Poor Butter-flie, thou goeſt to burn the wings of thy deſires in a torch which will undo thee. Love is that devil of the Evangel, which once returned into a houſe from whence it hath been baniſhed, remains more ſtrong then before, making thoſe whom it poſſeſſes more furious then ever. We muſt not ſet thoſe which are full of rage, in the preſence of the beaſts which bit them, they will but redouble their torment; we muſt

muſt not approach a ſmoaking torch with fire, if we will not have it lighted. The greateſt ſecret the Apoſtle knows to prevent fornication, is to flie; thoſe which love peril, will periſh. *Eliſe*, why doſt not thou by thy wiſdom find ſome invention to prevent this diſaſter which thou goeſt to gather in this funeral-voyage? But when a misfortune will follow one, ſays a grave Antient, it ſeems his wiſdom is ſhadowed, and his judgment blinded, not being able to prevent his headlong ruine.

Being come to *Bellerive*, all the Gentlemen thereabouts, but eſpecially thoſe which held of *Timoleon* as his vaſſals, came to render their laſt obedience to the ſepulchre of their Lord. O dead aſhes, is it poſſible that from the midſt of this coldneſs ſhould come forth ſo many coals as to burn the heart of thy miſerable ſucceſſor? The fair Amazon, now as free as a man, by the death of *Valentine* which was gone to God during this reſidence at *Gold-mount*, being become unſeparable company to her brother *Harman* and *Pyrrhe* her father, came with them to the funerals of *Timoleon*, which was her honour, and the happineſs of *Philippin*; for ſhe appear'd clothed in a mourning habit, ſo advantagious to her natural graces, that one would have ſaid, what ſhe had done ſimply to honour the funeral pomp, and wearing the mourning for her mother, made with ſuch art, ſeem'd exceedingly to grace her. Mourning hath the property to make the fair appear more fair, and the unpleaſing more deformed then they are. Under theſe black vails *Iſabel* lanched forth looks more ſhining then the forerunner of thunder, lightning, ſent from a dark black cloud: And for a pittifull encounter, *Eliſe*, which had no beauty but in her vertues, ſhewed with an extreme diſadvantage to her natural diſpoſition under theſe mourning habits; withall being much affected for the loſs of her father-in-law, whom ſhe honoured infinitely, and loved with an incomparable affection. Nothing defaces ſo much the beauty of the face, as a true and ſincere grief: For to appear fair and pleaſing, ſhe muſt have been content too, and happy. So that juſt as the bargain is half made with the ſecond merchant, when we are diſpleaſed with the firſt; the deſires of *Philippin* revolted againſt reaſon by this enterview; of which the one rubbed with the wings of ſadneſs, hath loſt her ordinary effect to draw the iron of his heart; the other armed with a thouſand drawing ſpirits, raiſed

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and tranſported him in a moment from his true being: Their looks, meſſengers of their intentions, made their hearts ſpeak, which were reduced to aſhes by theſe ſparkles framed by this unhappy collection. The furious Lion roaring and watching without ceaſe to devour us; that Dragon that ſeduces us by theſe artificious idea's, filling our thoughts with malicious illuſions; that Spirit ſworn againſt our ſalvation, which loſes no time to indammage us, covering the eyes of *Philippin* with double deceit, made this illegitimate object appear far more pleaſing then ſhe was; and on the other ſide made her which he ſhould and ought juſtly to have loved, appear hideous to him, that he conceived a ſecret horror againſt her, not being able to comprehend with himſelf how he had continued ſo long. And truly her grief, and the eſtate ſhe was in, which we hold will make the moſt fair ſeem unpleaſant, with this habit ſo little favorable to the mediocrity of the form of *Eliſe*, contributed to this diſlike of *Philippin*. The other ſtrangely inſolent by the knowledge of her preheminences, like a Peacock with her tail covering and crowning herſelf with pride, throws ſhame upon other birds; glorying in her victory, and loaden with trophies of her new conqueſt, retires home triumphing, leaving *Philippin* in the moſt ſtrange unquietneſs that can be imagined. When we throw a ſtone into a ſtill water, it multiplies the circles infinitely: This ſight forms a thouſand impreſſions in the ſoul of this young man, till now ſo peaceable and quiet. O *Philippin*, 'tis here thou ſhouldſt reſiſt this evil which fights againſt thee; 'tis here thou oughtſt to take antidotes againſt this poiſon, which ſlides through thy veins, and will trouble the reſt of thy bones and the health of thy fleſh. If thou diſſembleſt, thy intrails will become rotten and old; and the ſpiritual gangrene giving death, grace is unavailable. But unfortunate, thou flattereſt thy misfortunes, and angreſt thy ulcers with ſcratching.

Prevent theſe ſhelves, and flie that fatal ſhore,
Where nought hath leſs of life, or of death more.

He will do nothing: his ſickneſs pleaſes him better then his health, he prefers a tempeſt before a calm, and death before life, the priſon before liberty. This Syren hath ſung him aſleep in ſo deep a lethargie, as it quite transformed him; although

though a captived will, yet voluntarily he yields to this servitude, and holds it his greatest happiness. He foresaw many ills which threatned this change, but he shuts the eyes of his judgment not to take knowledge of them.

What doth compert with conscience, or comply
With honour, he disdains; whose thoughts grow high
By contradiction, while he will gainsay
That which he ought not, loathing what he may.

Thus the huntsman always altered with a new prey, leaves that which he had already taken, to follow fiercely that he hath not. Here is this young Lord respected like a new star rising in the horison of this Country: his Vassals come to give him homage, whilst he meditates how to make himself Companion to his Vassal. He appears free, and yet is more a slave then when he was under the jurisdiction of his father; A horse broke loose without either bit or bridle, a ship without a stern, a cloud full of black water, of blind passion blown by the wind of covetous ills. Already he receives the innocent embraces of *Elise* against his heart; and as sick men that loath the meats which they have been greedy of during their healths, so that which was heretofore his contentment, is now become insupportable. His eyes armed with scorn, never looked on her but to disdain her; her presence is odious, her prudence suspect, her care and good huswifery avaritiousness, her modesty a beastly defect. And as all we see through a coloured glass appears of the same colour as the middest that deceives our sight; even so not considering her vertues, but on the contrary judging by this secret change, which will shortly change into a formal hatred, she appears odious to him like vice it self;

Whose Beauty mockt his dreaming soul, like Lies
Pourtraying Truth forth in a false disguise.

Already this *Leah*, although fruitfull, is nothing to the imagination of possessing a fair *Rachel*; all the hony that he had heretofore gathered in the company of *Elise*, changed into bitter forgetfulness. *Elise* easily perceives this coldness; but as she was good and simply discreet, she threw the cause upon the death of *Timoleon*, which she thought affected *Philippin*, although

although her grief were far greater then his for that loſs, whoſe boiling heat of paſſion in love was far from thought of ſorrowing for the death of his father. The more ſhe thinks to comfort him, the more he is diſpleaſed; the more ſhe courts him, the more he ſeems to be importuned; and although ſhe ſtrives as much as may be to cover with a falſe joy a true ſadneſs, yet could he not hinder but his face, his actions and words betrayed him, making it appear to thoſe which had leaſt of apprehenſion, that there was I know not what in his thoughts which tormented him. *Eliſe* ſees this, and is in an agony inconceivable: She thought it was a wrong to her husband to eſteem he had any ill opinion of her; ſhe is too innocent to find in herſelf any ſubject of diſcontentment that ſhe had ever given him, and there is nothing ſhe thinks leſs on then the true cauſe of this alteration. Jealouſie of *Iſabel* ſhe had none; for ſhe believes that time hath healed *Philippin* of this old impreſſion. But in the end the many matches made for hunting, made her plainly ſee they were not without deſign; and the other viſits to *Vaupre* made her to know the fire by the ſmoak, the beaſt by the foot: but ſo late, that the evil was almoſt without remedy.

On the other ſide *Philippin* was in extreme agonies; for the way of the perverſe is ſowed with a thouſand thorns: All ſeemed contrary to his deſires. The cunning *Iſabel* which ſaw ſhe had returned him into her net, and that ſhe held him in her goal by means as full of ſubtilty, as *Eliſe* was full of ſimple innocence, who made as if ſhe ſaw not that which ſhe did but too well perceive. *Iſabel* ſeems not to take notice of that which doth clearly appear; and by her flying and fained retiredneſs adds deſire in *Philippin* to ſee her. Induſtrious *Galatee*, that draweſt in flying, and hideſt in ſhewing thy ſelf! For coming to *Bellerive* to viſit *Eliſe*, and then he ſeeing her at *Vaupre*, it was always in the preſence of his wife, or of her father or brother, that he ſpake to her, which was an extreme torment to this paſsionate. This damoſel full of vanity, took pride in tormenting him, without giving him any hope to quench the leaſt ſpark of this great fire in his breaſt. Judge but the craft of this creature: Here is a *Tantalus* dead with drougth in midſt of waters; and like the Page of *Alexander*, he is conſtrained in ſilence to burn. It ſerves him not to ſpeak with Eyes, language

which

which ſhe hath heretofore well underſtood, now fains not to underſtand, by a deafneſs as great and greater then that by which ſhe is beloved. The good of *Philippin* is his hurt: For this liberty to ſee that which he deſired, redoubled his paſſion, and makes him periſh with a death and languiſhing grief by the object which is the cauſe. All his ſtudy is to make known to this malitious creature the renewing of his antient flames; but that in ſuch a faſhion, that neither *Eliſe*, *Pyrrhe*, nor *Harman* underſtood any thing; yet all ſee clearly like Eagles. The jealouſie of a wife is not to be feared: The valour of *Pyrrhe* and *Harman* are not unknown to him; although his Vaſſals, they are noble, and Gentlemen full of honour, and that rather then abate the leaſt point, would loſe a thouſand lives.

Oh how true it is, that evil men travel by ways ſtubled and full of ſtops and difficulties, and attain much wearineſs in the end of their iniquities. If once his courtings be but perceived by ſo many eyes as watch him, all is loſt, there will be nothing but tempeſts within, and ſhipwrack without. If he but conſider the end of his unjuſt pretenſion, it is but an aſſured loſs of his reputation, and may be of his life: For if *Eliſe* perceive it once, farewell friendſhip and peace; but that is the leaſt he thinks of: If either her father or brother ſhould ſuſpect any thing, there's no more frequenting nor viſits, no more duty nor acknowledgment; A quarrel that would ſet all the Gentlemen upon him thereabouts, and make him odious to *Scevole* and to all that knew the rare vertues of his wife. And to revenge himſelf, there is no hope. He is too far in the buſineſs; his paſſion holds his foot at his throat; he is fallen and loſt, he is altogether undone. To diſſemble his ill he cannot any longer, he cannot without death; and to dye without daring to complain or make known who is the cauſe, he cannot reſolve. Here is our *Ixion* on the wheel. It is moſt true that a diſordered ſpirit is his own hangman; he gets much by ruling his actions and motions. He loſes his countenance at the aſpect of the Baſiliſco, whoſe ſight kills him. This moving he cannot hinder, betrays. He ſpeaks to her enough, but not enough; as much as becomes him, but not enough; for 'tis not that he would, or cannot, or dares not manifeſt to her: She ſees him nevertheleſs, and ſeems ignorant. (Learn the cunning of women by this ſame.) So that our paſſionate *Philippin* dies

dies of a ſickneſs obſcure and hidden, in midſt of all theſe commodities and remedies that opportunity ſeems to preſent him. In the end the impoſthume grows; That which he cannot intreat for with his tongue, he borrows with his pen, being an interpreter of his thoughts which cannot bluſh. That makes known to the artificious Amazon what ſhe knew already; but as ſhe loved her honour, and was jealous of her reputation, ſhe ſtruck againſt the rock of a chaſte reſolution theſe firſt points, making all theſe conſiderations recoil before the impenitrable buckler of a holy cruelty. The glory of having captived ſo great a courage, left not to flatter her; ſeconded with pride of a ſecret joy, that ſhe had in her hands the means to be revenged of *Philippin* for the wrong ſhe thought he had done her, in leaving her for one of meaner beauty. And as there needs to infernal *Archimedes* but one point out of the earth, for to raiſe all the earth; it was by this large gate of vengeance that he convey'd into the ſoul of this maiden the Trojan horſe, the funeral-torch that put all her reputation in aſhes. What doſt thou, *Iſabel?* inſtead of ſending back his Pacquets, thou receiveſt and concealeſt them, without giving any notice to thy father or brother. Ha! this is not the courſe of a wiſe Maiden, which like the Mother of Pearl ought not to open but to receive the dew of heaven; nor to receive other courtings but thoſe of a legitimate marriage, with the permiſſion of her parents. You will hide ſerpents in your breaſt, and then complain you are ſtung very ill; you let in the thieves, and then complain of being robbed; you put in fire, and then are aſtoniſhed if it burn you. Where is your wiſdom, *Iſabella?* I well perceive you are of that unfortunate band, that are not wiſe but in doing ill; whilſt you are parlied with, you intend to yield, you betray your ſelf in capitulating with a Traitor, as if you were agreed with him to your own ruine. You help him to make to your parents inviſible, that which he will not have viſible but to you. Poor *Rahab*, thou hideſt the Spies that will be cauſe of thy deſtruction and infamy. O daughters that have underſtanding, learn by the fault of this miſerable one, ſince ill examples ingender good manners; and refuſe theſe little Letters, which are as ſo many chains to bring your hearts into ſervitude; and hunt theſe foxes which break down thoſe incloſures that make you honoured and eſteemed. The abuſer *Iſabel* becomes abuſed, and diſadviſedly ſeduced;

A juſt puniſhment of her craft and cunning. She lends her ears, and conſents to the writings and diſcourſe of this deceiver *Philippin*, and helps herſelf by her folly to weave the cord which draws her to ſhame. She hears this charmer, which flatters ſo well, as he awakes in her that which diſdain had made but ſleepy, not killed; covered, not quite put out. He colours his courting with a maſk of honour, to make her by this golden outſide better to ſwallow the pill of diſhonour: Proteſts he eſteems her his legitimate wife; ſays he will declare that marriage with *Eliſe* null, as having but too many proofs of the conſtraint of *Timoleon*, as to her that of *Pyrrhe*; that the declarations contrary to their firſt promiſes were forced from their pens, not from their hearts, and that violence was notorious. To theſe rays of apparent reaſon *Iſabel* lights her firſt heats, putting (as in the time of *Nehemiah*) fire in the oven:

Thoſe Philter-charms of Love did re-inſpire
Her breaſt inflamed with a vigorous fire.

Greatneſs flatters her courage, which is high; Honour, which ſhe conceives by a juſt alliance, moves her ſtrangely; and in the end Love wins her abſolutely: For although ſhe diſſembled, a property common enough to all her ſex, the impreſſion of *Philippin* had never been quite defaced in her ſoul; neither for deſpight, her affection having ſtill been ſtronger then the outrage, nor for another object; for after having failed of ſo high a deſign as the firſt, all other Matches were diſpleaſant to her, and her univerſal diſdain had loſt her many fortunes; nor for abſence, for amongſt the divertings of her many exerciſes, always this Idea ſwam in her imaginations. So that it was eaſie for him to perſwade her, her own inclination importing her belief. Painting cannot laſt long; the firſt ſweating, it falls off a face that hath been daubed with it. The fained deſpight, the apparent cruelty, the artificious diſdain, the affected ſcorn of this Damoſel, cannot be maintained long; for that which is counterfeited hath no ſolid ſubſtance, 'tis as ſnow before the ſun. After having kindled the fire of *Philippin* by a thouſand reproaches, there flew up a ſparkle from ſo many coals that lighted in her own heart, and burned herſelf. It happens ordinarily, that thoſe which ſhoot artificious fire are burnt firſt; and deſiring to endammage other, loſe themſelves.

ſelves. The Bee never ſtings, but leaves the ſting in the wound; and in loſing her ſting, remains wounded to death. The fire of love is of that nature, that thoſe which will give love are taken; it is a game, in which who will take, are taken.

This place ſo full of danger, Lovers, flie;
Under fair flow'rs the fouleſt ſerpents lie.

It is hard to give love, without receiving; 'tis ſo fine gold, as it remains always between the fingers of thoſe which diſtribute it. Mens hearts are as dry as kixes to take fire; and the greateſt courages are ſooneſt caſt down under this violence, which hath his greateſt ſtrength in his ſweetneſs, and makes us find nothing ſo ſweet as this ſtrength. It was very eaſie for *Philippin* to deceive the eyes of his wife, *Pyrrhe* and *Herman*; having this intelligence with *Iſabel*, he thought himſelf above the clouds, being plunged into a foul quagmire. This proud Maid loved honour, and would never yield but with the hope of a future marriage. He importunes her, forced by the vehemencie of his infamous deſires: But on the other ſide ſhe earneſtly preſſed him to break with *Eliſe*, otherwiſe he ſhould not hope any thing of her but cruelty and diſdain. Here is *Philippin* in ſtrange convulſions: How ſhall he break this ſacred knot, to ſatisfie his unbridled appetite, and the tyrannie of this imperious Miſtreſs? This Mine muſt play by a prodigious clap. He yields extraordinary ſubmiſſion to her, and ſeems an Idolater; for all that ſhe comes no forwarder: He ſwears, proteſts and promiſes; but the ſecond oaths are refuſed by the example of the firſt. He paſſes to promiſes in writing; *Iſabel* receives them, but for all that he gets no forwarder in the ground of her honour. What ſhall he do to this inflexible creature? He reſolves to come to the woſt of extremities, and to repudiate *Eliſe*, ſending her ſhamefully from his houſe, breaking violently the laws of friendſhip, and brutally lets himſelf be carried by the torrent of a paſſion that will precipitate him blindly in a misfortune irremediable. He ſees *Iſabel* every day; and with ſo much cunning of this falſe female, that her parents ſee their diſcourſes and meeting, without perceiving their practiſes, confounding by their artificious carriages this word of the Oracle of truth, That he which doth ill hates light; for in the face of the ſun and ſight

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of men they diſſembled their ill doings. But blind and cruel *Philippin* began to uſe with much inhumanity the innocent *Eliſe*, that his inſolencies and indignities are no more ſupportable by a woman of her worth and quality. She deſires to know the ſubject of a uſage ſo rude as this was; but the more ſhe enquires, the more he hides it from her. All ſhe can do to give him content, diſpleaſes him; her preſence is ſo odious, that he can no longer ſuffer her. They ſay the Tygres, at the hearing of muſick, become more cruel. *Philippin* is of that humour; the ſweet harmony of the vertues of his wife makes him more ſavage and cruel: He now makes her to underſtand that he acknowledges her for no wife of his, having been conſtrained by the violence of *Timoleon* to marry her; that he had nothing to do with her riches, ſhe might take them and be gone, for his houſe was great enough without her help: He reproaches her with her birth unequal to his, the baſeneſs of her parents, her ill faſhion, he calls her Courteſies coſenings. To be ſhort, he nouriſhes her with gall, and gives her vinegar to drink. Upon theſe ſubjects of nothing, he puts himſelf into exceſſive choler, and threatens to kill her if ſhe conſent not to the divorce.

Imagine you if *Eliſe*, as wiſe and diſcreet as ſhe was, had patience to ſuffer ſo many affronts. She is his companion, and he uſes her as his ſlave; ſhe hath raiſed his houſe with her wealth, and is told ſhe is the ruine of it. Her eſtate of being great with child, doth it not make you pitty her? She endures nevertheleſs theſe taunts, theſe injuries, theſe threats, with a prodigious conſtancie, without anſwering ſo much as one word; not to throw oil on the fire by conteſting, deſiring rather to quench it by the water of ſilence. Nor doth this appeaſe this barbarous man, (for how would you have me call this obdurate *Philippin?*) He torments her horribly, being like a domeſtick Fury tyed to the neck of this Innocent. In the end affliction, that gives intelligence to the deafeſt ears, and like a biting powder or ſtrong water breaks open the ſtrongeſt lets that ſtop its paſſage, opens the ſecret of this myſtery to her, and makes her penetrate into the cheſt of darkneſs and into the counſel of perverſe hearts, the cauſe of her miſfortune. She enters into herſelf, viſiting her interior Hieruſalem with a lamp, that is, a ſerious Examen; and not finding herſelf guilty of any thing, ſhe ſees this change of *Philippin*

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is cauſe of all her trouble; but conſiders not till it be too late the practiſes of *Iſabel*. She complains to *Scevole* and *Sophie* of the uſage of her husband, that could not longer be ſuffered; ſhe advertiſes *Pyrrhe* and *Harman* underhand to look to the carriage of this Maiden. *Pyrrhe* declares this advice freely to *Philippin*; who knowing from whence it came, laught and mocked at it before her father, ſaying that was the jealouſie of his wife, that every ſhadow frighted. But he conceived ſuch a hatred, and was in ſuch a fury, as finding here a thing unworthy of a Lord of his quality, that he baſely ſtruck her, after having vomited all the outragious ſpeeches his paſſion could ſuggeſt againſt her. Which ſo ſeiſed this poor Lady with grief, as ſhe thought preſently to have dyed there. Too happy if it had ſo happened, ſhe had not then been reſerved for an end more tragick and ſhamefull.

In the mean time *Iſabel* triumphs over all theſe debates, theſe being combats which promiſed her the victory. Miſerable ſhe, that ſowes ſeeds of diſcord in this loyal marriage, troubling the higheſt ſerenity can be imagined. One thing troubles him, which is, the advertiſement *Eliſe* gave to *Pyrrhe* and *Herman*; which makes them more attentive on the carriage of *Iſabel*, whereby ſhe ſuffers ſtrangely, they watching her ſo neerly, fearing ſhe ſhould eſcape them, as ſeeing her equipages too knightly for a maiden, intend to ſend her far enough from *Vaupre*, to one of her Aunts, a woman much more ſevere then *Valentine*, where ſhe ſhould not have that liberty ſhe had in her fathers houſe. This makes her haſten the end of her deſign, and preſs the divorcing of *Eliſe*; to which *Philippin* by her perſwaſions is abſolutely reſolved. Why do I ſpin ſo long this mournfull cord? let us haſten to this ill ſtep. She advertiſes *Philippin* that they will remove her far from him; a journey which ſhe eſteems the tomb of her contentment, and the ruine of her pretenſions. He conjures her to come to *Bellerive*, for her coming to him would be the expulſion of *Eliſe*, whom he will ſend to her friends with a bill of divorce; ſo that declaring his marriage null, he will never have other wife but her. This damoſel opens her ears to theſe perſwaſions; and baniſhing reaſon from her without ſhame, and making bankrupt her honour, ſhe thinks of nothing but to triumph on the ruines of *Eliſe*, upon the exile of whom ſhe pretends to erect the trophie of her contentments.

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That which is feigned by the greateſt of Roman Poets touching the hunting in which the Queen of *Carthage* conſummated hymeneal rights of marriage with the fair Trojan, is true in this our Hiſtory: For there is a match for hunting the Stag, where *Philippin* took a prey, letting himſelf be taken Stag and Slave of his foul deſires. This is the plot: *Iſabel* loſes herſelf in the woods, and doubly loſt both body and honour. But *Philippin* finds both the one and the other, and are loſt both in finding.

This day firſt put the preface to their ſad
Miſhaps, and period to thoſe joyes they had.

Herman who had the conduct of the aſſembly, troubled with this, judges it cannot be for any good. At their return ſhe is chidden: But ſhe more fool then ever in the love of *Philippin*, being ſo far engaged as ſhe muſt either dye in this pain, or end the marriage, without declaring to her brother her fault, tells him openly her intentions ſhe had to marry with *Philippin*, after he had broke his marriage with *Eliſe*. *Herman* ſhewed her it was a ſimple folly to think of that, all the ceremonies required for a legitimate marriage having been obſerved, and which is more, conſummated, ſo as *Eliſe* hath a daughter, and is great with another. He conjured her to put theſe thoughts out of her head, but it was too late; for this ſiſter of his ſtopping her ears at this wiſe counſel, like an aſp, vows ſhe muſt either die, or end it.

Herman ſeeing her ſo wilfull, fearing ſomwhat elſe might happen, preſſes his father to ſend away his ſiſter to his aunt, without telling him why, but rather caſting this advice upon the too frequent viſits of *Philippin*, which could not be hindred by reaſon of his quality, and would make the world talk. *Pyrrhe* reſolves, and commands his daughter to prepare her for the journey, alleadging ſome other ſlight conſiderations. But ſhe goes to make another: For one night being got on horſ-back, ſhe got to a place where *Philippin* ſtayed for her, who conducted her like a triumph to *Bellerive*, putting her in the ſame poſſeſſion of his houſe that ſhe had of his heart. In the morning *Pyrrhe* went to her chamber to diſpoſe of her parting, *Herman* being deſtined to conduct her, having all things in readineſs. There was much to do when they found her

her not; they know not what is become of her; *Herman* doubting, told his father freely, he thought she was gone with *Philippin*. What alarms were there in this house! what an assault to the heart of her father! He tore his beard, and call'd himself unhappy to have put such a daughter into the world, esteeming them happy which are not charged with these merchandises so difficult and hard to be kept. He will not be comforted in his grief for his loss; for he fears to find her without honour, rather then without life.

This conjecture of *Herman* proves but too true; *Isabel* is at *Bellerive* in the hands of *Philippin*. It is the abominable custom in *France*, and in all this Province of which I speak, for the least wrong in the world that happens between Gentlemen, to call one another to the field. Without being otherwise informed of the particulars of this business, *Pyrrhe* sent by *Herman* a challenge to *Philippin*, to meet him in the field with his sword in his hand, to do him right for having stollen his daughter, and to bring his second, he having his son. *Philippin* for the first Present of his new marriage receives this bloody Paper; his courage commanded him to go, but his conscience which gnaws him gives him fear. The Amazon hath the news, who offers, (impudent and unnatural as she is) to second *Philippin* against her own father and brother, if there be occasion; So true it is, that one forgetfulness brings on a hundred. But *Philippin* more reserved then she forgetfull, being touched with a secret horror of this proposition, answers *Herman*, That he pretends not to keep *Isabel* in his house as a Concubine, but as his legitimate wife, being resolved to send away *Elise*, and to declare his marriage null with her; beseeching *Pyrrhe* to appease his choler, and consider that that which he esteemed a dishonour to his house, was the greatest and the highest advantage he could hope for his family; and that he would not upon a sudden lightness bloody his hands in the blood of him which honoured him already as his father-in-law: And imbracing *Herman* in quality of his brother, so flatters him, as he returns him to *Pyrrhe* with these protestations. Who, furious like a Tygre that hath lost her whelps, could not at first taste these excuses; demands his daughter, promising to give him her when the divorce of *Elise* was authorised by Justice, and his marriage declared illegitimate and forced. *Herman* returns to *Bellerive*: but *Isabel* will

will not hear of this return, ſo that the fault was all in her; her father and brother are forced to mitigate their diſcontentment againſt *Philippin*, the rape having been voluntary on his daughters part.

But whilſt they temporiſe with their Lord, what becomes of poor *Eliſe?* Without attending to be more outragiouſly commanded, ſhe intends to depart. For as one cannot ſerve two maſters, much leſs can a man have two wives. The Angel and the Dragon cannot endure together: The adulterer and the legitimate cannot be aſſociates in the kingdom of the voluptuous.

Here is the contrary of *Jacob* and *Eſau:* The reproved ſupplants the raſed; darkneſs overcomes light, and vice triumphs proudly over innocence; *Sarah* and *Iſaac* are baniſhed his houſe by inſolent *Hagar*. At laſt *Eliſe* by an unheard of cruelty, without having leave to give her laſt farewell to her dear *Philippin*, law herſelf with her daughter *Dalimene* ſhamefully ſent from *Bellerive*, and conducted roughly by the Officers, executors of her husbands paſſions, into the place of her birth, where full of grief ſhe flies into the arms of her parents. Here we ſee fulfilled that verſe in the Pſalm, *Whilſt the proud exalt themſelves, the poor are in affliction:* whilſt innocence is on the rack, the guilty are in their pride; and whilſt the Dove ſuffers, the Eagle raviſhed skips in the air of her vanity. *Iſabel* (as the Queen of *Carthage*) being returned from hunting, goes no more meditating with *Philippin* for their ſtollen meetings; making defence of her confuſion, ſhe calls this ilformed practice Marriage, entituling with the honorable name of Wedding the miſerable torch of her impurity. *Philippin* himſelf would have it ſo, and calls her his wife.

Marriage, that laſt left refuge, juſtifi'd,
And former failings did obſcure and hide.

And to accompliſh the meaſure of his inſolence, and to load with calamities the innocent *Eliſe*, he ſtrives to cover his doings with a cloak of equity. He publiſhes every where how he was conſtrained to marry her, and by conſequence the nullity of the marriage: For if will be forced, it is no free will; and if free conſent ties this knot of marriage, who knows not, or who ſees not that which ſeemed marriage, and is not? Theſe

are the apparent reaſons with which this young Lord flatters himſelf, injured by this new paſſion that governs him. He imploys *Herman's* teſtimony of his firſt Promiſes, to break the ſecond. In which the brother of *Iſabel* ſeems very carefull, who looks not ſo much to the advantage of the match, as to the conſervation of the honour of his houſe; for his ſiſter had inconſiderately laid open the way to her ſhame, and permitted that which was neither lawful nor honeſt, but when a marriage is ſolemnly contracted in the face of the Church.

But the wiſe *Scevole*, who hath all prudence and right in his thoughts, and is for his ſufficiencie of much eſteem and great authority in his company, underſtands well how to undo this web, in ſuſtaining the honour of his daughter and his houſe; making it appear both by the ſpiritual and temporal Juſtice, that the firſt Promiſes of *Philippin* and *Iſabel* were unlawfull and of no effect, their Reſtitutions valuable, their renouncings authentical, and the marriage of *Eliſe* and *Philippin* validly contracted, and alſo the little *Dalimene*, with that ſhe went with, legitimate heirs of the one and the other. By theſe ſentences irrevocable, by theſe decrees of heaven and earth, *Herman* remains confuſed in this purſuit; *Philippin* deceived of his unjuſt pretenſions; *Iſabel* mocked and become the fable of all the Country. *Pyrrhe* ſeeing that by this lightneſs of his daughter, his houſe heretofore, although not rich in goods of fortune, yet rich in pride, was now all covered with ſhame and ignominy, not being able to contain his choler by his patience, reſolves to take out this ſhamefull ſpot which diſhonours him, in the blood of the Complices; and calls *Philippin* the ſecond time to fight, but ſees himſelf diſdained as his vaſſal, and his quality of Gentleman rejected with an affront altogether inſupportable to a great heart as his was. The affronted *Iſabel* made hard by impenitence, defends her fault, and rejoyces in her evil, imputing the cauſe of the loſs of her cauſe not to the juſtice of *Eliſe*, but to the favour and authority of *Scevole*. She makes herſelf be called by the title of the houſe of *Philippin*, who commands his ſubjects to eſteem and honour her as his wife. Thus is verified the word of Truth it ſelf, that the impious being arrived at the depth of his malice, diſdains both honour and laws. *Pyrrhe* outraged cruelly for the diſdain of *Philippin*, and for the inſolence of his daughter, and ſcorn and mockery of all their neighbours, not being able to digeſt

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all theſe indignities, falls into a terrible rage, and determines rather to loſe his life, then to draw it out with ſhame and ignominy. *Philippin* ſtands upon his guards; and being much aſſiſted according to his eminent quality, laughs at theſe poor Gentlemen, who do nothing but watch neer about his houſe to do him ſome miſchief; as a great maſtiff diſdains the barking of little dogs about him. But being adviſed by ſome of his friends to beware of a ſurpriſe, or of ſome treaſon, that being maſter of the life of the greateſt Monarch in the world, who will diſdain his own; not willing to live any longer amongſt theſe thorns and agonies, reſolves to change the air, and to carry *Iſabel* to *Gold-mount*. It is a ſure hold, a ſeat far off; he thinks to ſpend his dayes with more tranquillity. But as thoſe that are ſick at ſea, it avails them little to go from one ſhip to another; or he that hath the feaver in his veins, changes beds to no purpoſe; even ſo an ill conſcience carries always terror about him, fear and defiance follows him like the ſhadow the body. The guilty may well be in places of ſecurity, ſays a wiſe Antient, but not in aſſurance; for they always ſee the kniſe of vengeance divine or humane hanging and ſhaken over their heads; their ſleeps are troubled with a thouſand fearfull viſions, as if they had drunk the juice of the herb called *Opbinſa*. Their own thoughts ſerve them for a hangman, to torment them with horror of their faults, that they enjoy no quiet, but it paſſes ſuddenly from them. This far remove hath not appeaſed the rage of *Pyrrhe* and *Herman*, ſeconded in all his deſigns by him, which would not be appeaſed; theſe are the importunate ſtingings which ſhout threats and invective ſpeeches in the ears of *Philippin*. Theſe angry elfs which promiſe nothing leſs to themſelves, prick him to death, eſteeming they had reaſon to take the life of him that had raviſhed their honour; they make about *Gold-mount* a thouſand ſecret meetings, accompanied with ſtrangers, reſolving to ſpend the remnant of their fortunes in this quarrel. To the greateſt the leaſt enemies are redoubtable; there needs but a little Viper to pluck down a great Bull. If they would but have retired, he would very willingly have made them a bridge of gold; but they cruelly deſirous of his blood would not be ſatisfied but with his life, which he is not reſolved to abandon. O how great are the multitude of evils which inviron the tabernacle of the ſinner! This miſerable man ſees himſelf poſ-

ſeſſed within with a domeſtick devil, ſo much the more dangerous, that he eſteems her an Angel of light, adoring his priſon and his ſhackles; and beſieged without by theſe furious revenges, which are as ſowed to his choler, of whom he thinks to have always their knife in his throat. See what it is to ſerve ſtrange gods, and to abandon himſelf to unlawful paſſions, which make continual wars without truce, and give no reſt night nor day. O how pittifull and bitter a thing it is to forſake the way of vertue; and how aſſured he is of ſhipwrack, that loſes the Tramontane of the grace of God.

His caſe is deſperately forlorn,
Who laws of GOD and Church doth ſcorn,
And to his own will doth confine
The laws both moral and divine.
Vaſt ſeas of trouble do ſurround
His ſoul, whoſe joy in grief is drown'd.

Though outwardly he ſurfeiteth in bliſs,
Within, the Chaos of a black abyſs
And blacker Conſcience worm-like gnaws and bites,
Imbittering all his pleaſures and delights.

Conſcious of odious crimes, he dares not ſtare
On the bright Sun, o're-clouded with deſpair;
Which racks his ſoul ſo hourly, that each breath
Preſents pale horror, and eternal death.

Nor pomp nor power, nor proweſs can withſtand
The ſtroke of vengeance, or the dreadfull hand
Of Heaven: where 'tis his pleaſure to decree,
Or doom us damn'd, who can pronounce us free?
Where conſcience doth accuſe, our Crimes there do
Appear both Judge, and Executioner too.

What can one hope for but diſaſters? Would you not ſay, that the mercy of God ſhining upon the lines of his juſtice cals him by theſe perplexities in which he now finds himſelf? But this *Pharoah* hardned by all theſe wonders, is not converted; but perſevering in this abominable train, he dies in his ſin, precipitated into the red ſea of a bloody treſpaſs. Yet nevertheleſs

leſs he obtains ſome reſpite to accompliſh the meaſure of his pain, by the exceſs of his fault: For, after having beſought the Juſtices of thoſe places to deliver him from the purſuits of the father and ſon, which had conjured his ruine; by the ſame arms he would have imployed for his defence, he feared to have been taken; foraſmuch as *Scevole* ſeemed to favour the party of *Pyrrhe*, counſelling him to declare he had no intent againſt *Philippin* as for his Concubine, which he would retire as being his daughter, to take away the ſcandal and ſhame of his houſe.

Thus *Philippin* ſaw himſelf in midſt of his enemies, and that juſtice on his ſhoulders which he had beſought for his defence. VVho ſees not in this a juſt judgment of God? only this blind Lover takes no knowledge of it; ſo ſtrong are the inchantments with which *Iſabel* charmed him, that beſides the deſpight to ſee herſelf purſued and ſo ſhamefully qualified by her father, loſing all reſpect and natural love both to father and brother, counſels *Philippin* to make an aſſembly of his vaſſals and friends, and to cut all his enemies in peeces. But as an antient Conſul ſaid to an Emperor, It is more eaſie to commit a murther or an adultery, then to defend it: Theſe crimes are not ſo eaſily juſtified, as they are practiſed; there are few friends that will venture their lives, goods and honours, in hazard of ſo vile a buſineſs; when it comes in queſtion to ſet upon the juſtice of the Prince, they will think thrice: Other crimes being more particular, are more eaſie to obtain pardon; but that which is publike and *læſæ majeſtatis*, according to the rules of the beſt Politicks, ought to be irremiſſible; 'tis a baſeneſs which it were impiety to pardon or to pitty, thoſe who commit it ought to periſh for an example. Nor is there one of the neighbours of *Philippin* that will ſecond him in an enterpriſe ſo unreaſonable, ſo dangerous, and full of ruine. On the contrary they complain of his cruelty, and lament the miſery of *Eliſe*; deteſting *Iſabel* as a monſter, cauſe of all the misfortunes of this young Lord, and the ruine of his houſe. By the impoſſibility to revenge himſelf and withſtand, he ſhrinketh; and doubting that this quarrel being in the heat, *Scevole* ſhould take occaſion to perſecute him, he ſees himſelf brought to a ſhamefull capitulation, coming again to prayers and ſubmiſſion to *Pyrrhe*, promiſing that he would diſendamage him of all his pretended wrongs; having been beaten, and forced to

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pay for his amendment, and to procure the advancement of *Herman*: proteſting to appeal to *Rome* the ſentence which had confirmed his marriage with *Eliſe*, and to imploy his uttermoſt means to break it; ſwearing never to have other wife but *Iſabel*, whom he eſteemed his legitimate Bride, ordaining his ſubjects to hold and eſteem her by that quality. He ſees *Herman* in ſecret, upon whom he hath ſome kind of power, helped by the tears and ſupplications of his ſiſter; he wins him ſo, as he brings his father to this agreement; who upon hope to cover his honour ſomwhat by this promiſe, returns to *Vaupre*, leaving *Philippin* in peace at *Gold-mount*. But we ſhall find in the end it was but a peace diſſembled, according to the ſpeech of the wiſe man which ſays, Peace, peace, where there is no peace.

The whiles this miſerable Lord reſpires, if a man troubled with a thouſand fears within can have any repoſe, although freed of outward combats. We will take this time to go to the Town, to ſee what *Eliſe* doth; alſo the long ceremonious formality of the Eccleſiaſtical juſtice in theſe appeals, by reaſon of the diſtance of places, doth give us leiſure. She living retired with her father, under the wings of her mother *Sophy*, with as much will and obedience, as when ſhe was a Maid. Oh if ſhe had not tempred the rage of her fathers anger againſt *Philippin*, what would he not have done to have brought this deboiſt ſon-in-law to his duty and obedience? See but what a good diſpoſition ſhe is of, to procure all good to him which had uſed her ſo cruelly, and ſo ſhamefully ſent her away! But it may be her goodneſs was not commendable in this, for hindring the courſe of juſtice, which reduces ſometime to good the moſt deſperate, for fear of puniſhment. So that being patient, and hoping that this fooliſh love would be paſt over quickly out of the fancy of this cruel man, whom though loſt as he was, ſhe loved as her life; ſhe inſpires patience into *Scevole*, although he had much ado to ſuffer theſe outrages.

We have told you how ſhe was great with child; and becauſe ſhe did not nouriſh the fruit in her body but with bread of grief and drink of tears, we muſt not wonder if brought to bed before her time, a ſon came into the world without life, for grief had ſtifled it in his mothers womb, *Philippin* being both its father and deaths-man. This pitriful creature thought

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to carry with herſelf that ſhe had brought forth, into the ſepulchre. Too happy *Eliſe*, if dying thus thou hadſt not been reſerved to a treſpaſs unworthy thy fair life! I will leave take to ſpeak of her excellent vertues which ſhe practiſed during this horrible travel, which ſhe thought ſhould have put her in her grave: what holy and Chriſtian thoughts ſuſtained her courage during theſe aſſaults? She receives all the Sacraments of the Church, with that devotion, that edified all thoſe which ſaw theſe actions; they thought their hearts would have cleft with pitty. She asks a thouſand pardons of her parents, filled with grief to ſee her in this eſtate: Committing to her ſiſter *Leonore* the pardon ſhe demanded of *Philippin*, whoſe cruelties ſhe even honoured in this extreme agony. She loſt ſo much blood, as ſhe thought verily to have rendred up her ſoul by this flux, the Phyſitians believing no leſs. But as this languiſhing death is rather tedious then violent, leaving their judgments, with a great clearneſs and underſtanding, ſhe had leiſure to write this Letter in her extremities, which ſhe would have ſubſcribed with her blood, to touch with pitty the inſenſible heart of her welbeloved Adverſary. VVe will report it thus.

'NOw that this ſoul of mine is ready to leave the miſe-
'rable body that could never find grace before your
'eyes, and being now at point to flie into the arms of the wel-
'beloved heavenly Bridegroom: Permit, thrice beloved and
'moſt lovely *Philippin!* to this wretched *Eliſe* to open her
'heart unto thee, which hath always been entirely and inva-
'riably thine; that in taking of you and of the world my laſt
'leave, I may preſent before you for my farewell theſe dying
'words; ſince after ſo many ſweet teſtimonies of friendſhip
'we muſt part, the remembrance of which is death in the moſt
'cruel death it ſelf, that I ſhould prove change in a courage
'which had promiſed me never ſhould be capable of infidelity.
'It is long ſince I would have left my life, if the laws of God
'had not forbid my paſſage, which I go to free with as little
'grief, as life (being deprived of your favour) is pleaſing to
'me. Alas, muſt I, for having honoured you ſo religiouſly,
'endure that uſage more fit for an infidel? I will not conteſt
'with you, if it be with reaſon that I have felt the effects ſo
'contrary to their cauſe: For your will being my rule and my
'reaſon, makes me againſt my judgment believe, that all you
have

'have done to me rigorously, I feel is full of equity and justice. 'So that examining my conscience upon the duties I was 'bound to give you, and finding my self not guilty of any 'thing, I think that for a punishment of my other sins God 'hath permitted you to take my respects for wrongs, and my 'humilities for outrages. Had I been treated in the form of 'offenders, I should have understood the cause of my punish-'ment, before undergone: But I was struck with thunder 'before the lightning appeared, and sooner condemned then 'heard. The which I say not to complain, for fear to turn this 'complaint into an offence, to hurt you in thinking to satisfie 'you; humbly asking pardon for all I have failed in to your 'service. For although my duty and condition bound me to 'give you all sort of obedience and fidelity, it is true, I was 'more carried by my love then for any other consideration of 'civil respect, I think (without vanity) being the creature in 'the world which hath best loved you, and which thinks not 'to have given other subject to offend you, but the excess of 'her ardent affection.

'But almost the perfection of love is in excess: who sees not 'but this fault carries its excuse in its accusation, and if blamed 'is commendable. It may be if she had not been so fervent 'in affection, you had esteemed her more; but her extremity 'made you less accept it; so that you have no way heretofore 'comprehended it, but like a weak vapour dispersed as soon as 'risen, since in a moment it is dead in your remembrance. 'Alas, what is become of that happy time, in which not having 'other care but to please you, you seemed to study nothing but 'to content me, in yielding me love for love, in which consist-'ed the feast of our felicities! Whither are those fair dayes 'gone, in which you received no contentment but by my me, 'nor did any thing but by my counsel; as I lived not but for 'you, nor breathed not but to please you! Times and dayes 'too happy, and whereof the sweet enjoying is converted for 'a fault to my memory. Alas! must I for having been inva-'riable, be so lightly changed! and a fading beauty, with so 'little consideration, be preferred before a solid goodness! 'But why do I lose my self in this complaint, having had a 'design to smother it in my soul, for fear to offend you? All 'I fear is, that this Letter should trouble, by pitty, the repose 'my ashes desire to contribute to your new flames. Happy

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'beyond my merit, if I may do you ſervice by my death, by 'making the unjuſt legitimate. Of all my ills I accuſe my ill 'fortune, not attributing them to any but to my own faults; 'not deſerving of you but that juſt hatred with which you 'have purſued my indignities. That which comforts me in 'the griefs that bury me, is, that the cauſe of my ſufferings 'lightens my grief. I apprehend only that this paper ſoils not 'with ſome ſhadow of reproach, and with ſome touch of in-'gratitude, ſo many perfections as I have always loved and 'honoured in your perſon, for which the leaſt ſupportable 'rigors have ſeemed not only tolerable, but ſweet, my affection 'ſweetening their bitterneſs.

'I will not repreſent the pains I now endure, being they 'ſever the miſeries of my ſoul and body: but I aſſure you 'they ſeem far lighter to me then thoſe I felt, when by your 'command I was ſeparated from you; and then I had more 'underſtanding to feel it, then now to expreſs it. It would 'be to offend their extremities, to think to ſpeak them: And 'if they might be reſiſted, I would not; for that being of a 'nature communicable, their contagion might paſs into your 'ſoul by conpaſſion; and I deſire that my death may be a ſub-'ject of rejoycing to you. Permit me only to qualifie all the 'injuries the world eſteems you have done me, with the title of 'good; renouncing the reward due to all the ſervices I have 'rendred you; ſo that ſatisfying my paſſion in ſerving you, 'I have contented my ſelf: it lies not in me that you loſe not 'the remembrance; if it troubles never ſo little your joy, if 'my humilities are of any conſideration before you, methinks 'they will deſerve the credit to be forgot. So much I fear (as 'nothing more) that the image of my imperfections ſhould 'again trouble your fancy: For I believe, if there reſts any 'feeling in bones laid in the tomb, the tranquility of mine will 'be troubled, if I thought that pitty might find place in your 'heart, which I have experimented ſo void of love; what a 'pain would it be to me, if I believed only that you would 'grieve for having killed me? For although I ought not to 'deſire a fairer monument then the thoughts of your ſoul, yet 'acknowledging my unworthineſs, I dare not apprehend ſo 'ſtately an incloſure, becauſe I know I ſhould not reſt without 'cauſing your unquietneſs. I'll content my ſelf with the glory 'that I die for you, if I dare ſay for you; for ſince that I lived

'but for you, is it not giving you that which I owe, that I 'render you my life? Nor is this death presented to taxe you, 'or to change into wrong to you, that which to me is a high 'degree of honour; only I shew you with all kind of humility, 'that if in honouring you I have been so unhappy to displease 'you, I have not been so miserable to offend you. Your opi- 'nion shall be such as you please; but it shall be permitted 'me to believe, that as I could not address my avows to a more 'accomplished subject, perhaps hereafter you may more ac- 'knowledge: And although this effect hath not seconded 'my intention, my intention hath had nevertheless its effect, 'which had no other design but to testifie my fidelity. I know 'well, that in all I have done but what I ought: but as I think 'not to have failed, so it must be confessed, that giving all I 'ought to whom I ought all, is no little proof of zeal. Happy 'if I had shewed by the loss of my life, that of the holy affecti- 'ons which you have sworn before God and his Angels. Be 'happy at least in my disaster, to have endured without de- 'sert that you would have me suffer. Live from henceforth 'free by my death; leaving me this contentment in my misery, 'to believe that it brings you comfort. *I* will endure it, in 'honouring you: All that comes from your hands, cannot 'but be received by me. I adore the hand of God, which cor- 'rects me by yours; which mingles gall with that too much 'honey I tasted in possessing of you, and severs me from all 'delights of the world, to make me aspire to the eternal. At 'least, dear *Philippin*, acknowledg my fidelity in this sincere 'testimony that I render you, To honour even your cruelty 'to the last period of my life, and to cherish your disdain in 'the midst of the pangs of death.

' I ought to do it, since I confess *I* did not deserve so great 'an alliance as you, *I* was not worthy but of your refuse. '*I* had consented to my repudiation, if the Christian laws in 'this case were not inviolable, espousing a Monastery to leave 'you at liberty in your desires; but honour and justice have 'withstood it, nor could *I* obtain of my Father to give you 'this contentment to the prejudice of me and my fame. If *I* 'did presume in taking that great honour to be your Com- 'panion, not deserving the title of the meanest of your ser- 'vants, think but with your self what command my friends 'might have of me a Maiden, since your Father (the memory

of

'of whom is a bleſſing to me) had ſo abſolute a power on your
'will. This is to the end you may excuſe not ſo much my pre-
'ſumption, as my obedience; and amongſt the illuſtrious dig-
'nities which honour you, and of which I participated, you
'know I never did forget my ſelf, nor have thought to be but
'what I was. From henceforth I quit this place too great for
'me, to that happy Creature which poſſeſſes you. I am not
'to acknowledge her merits, yet eſteem your judgment in
'your election; not only excuſing your change, but approving
'it: For although I yield to her all the preheminencies of
'grace and beauty; as long as I live, I will never yield either
'to her, or to any perſon in the world, that of affection; that
'if ſhe be better beloved of you then I was, you ſhall never be
'by her, as you have been and are ſtill by me, now that death
'breaks our firſt bonds, rendring the ſecond as I deſire them
'more pleaſing; the ſplendor of this fair day will ſhine bright-
'er, after the obſcurity of my night. My will would have
'procured you this marriage during my life, to have pleaſed
'you, and have been a purchaſer of my own ruine, by ſolli-
'citing it againſt my ſelf. But it is in vain for us to wraſtle
'againſt the laws of God.

'All that tears ſighs from me, and troubles the clearneſs
'of my conſtancie in theſe extremes, is the loſs of this poor
'Infant; which as fruit diſgraced, is fallen by the wind of
'your anger from the arch which bore it; ſeeing it could not
'ripen under the rays of your favour, it hath ſeen the night of
'death before the day of life, being deprived of the light of the
'ſtar, which only could have illuſtrated his darkneſs. But
'that moſt afflicts me, is this little innocent *Dalimene*, which
'I leave on the earth the ſubject of your diſdains. For Gods
'love, dear *Philippin!* let not the indignity of the Mother
'prejudice the fortune of this poor creature; ſince heaven
'would, to ſhew you how ſtrongly your idea was graven in
'my heart, that ſhe bears in her forehead the lively image of
'thoſe graces that nature hath ſtamped on yours, not having
'any ſign of thoſe defects which have deprived me of the
'happineſs of your love. Let her childiſh voice move you
'to pitty; and ſince ſhe is blood of your blood, in her
'have compaſſion, not of her, nor me, but of your
'ſelf.

'And lastly I conjure you by all that is most holy in heaven and earth, to have at least as a Christian some feeling of charity for my soul; praying that the mercy of God may open heaven to it, and that earth may be light on my ashes. Cruel, and yet welbeloved *Philippin!* at least love me being dead; since that sacrificing to you my life, I give you the most pleasing service that I have ever given you. I am wearier of life then of writing. O my dear Lord and husband! my soul is going, content, if thou permit it to draw with its last ascent this free sigh:

'*Since my vow'd Faith here cannot make the least*
'*Impression on thy unrelenting breast;*
'*Lo, I my Soul do cheerfully resigne*
'*To Death, who hath more charity then thine.*

She thought to have left her life, ending her long Letter: For grief and love, two strong passions, with the extreme pain which affected her body, made such an impression as she thought verily to have lost her senses with her blood. But by her youth and good constitution, the care of her parents, help of physitians, and perfections of remedies, the great Conductor of the world which reserved her for a more sad spectacle, preserved her for this time.

The End of the Third Book.

ELISE,

OR

Innocencie guilty.

The Fourth Book.

WHen this writing, subscribed with the blood of this languishing creature, came to the hands of *Philippin*, he felt in his soul strange convulsions; as what Tygre had not been moved at so much sweetnes and humility? For comparing in his memory the paradise of tranquillity passed, with the hell of unquietnes present, he grieves for her being dead, whom he had afflicted living. But these touches were like the weak pushes of those which wake out of a sound sleep; but being drowsie, fall incontinently down upon their pillow, from which they cannot raise themselves but with great pain. His heart was so glued to his present voluptuousnes, that he had almost forgot the remembrance of his past happines; the clouds hindred him from knowledge of the brightnes of this vertue, that like a torch casts greater flames, by how much the more it drawes neer the end. Even as an Antient said,

We slight a present good, so Vertue most
In sight is hated, but ador'd when lost.
If she court us, we flie; and grown more coy,
Disdain those pleasures which we most enjoy.

These characters imprinted some kind of pitey in this courage, before deaf to all that could be said, and drew some tears from

from his eyes: but thoſe ſmall drops falling on his hard heart, did no more penetrate then rain falling on rocks; on the contrary this water, like the flood of the *Sycionians* that dries the wood, ſeemed to redouble his obſtinacie, and to produce the ſame effects as the ſmall ſhowers that the vehement heat of the ſun draws from the clouds in the hotteſt of ſummer, which rather burns the leafs of plants, then any way refreſhes them. For fearing his compaſſion ſhould give jealouſie to *Iſabel*, or ſhadow her with ſome doubt of his affection, he is angry with his pitty, holding cruelty for a great vertue.

Proud *Iſabel*, at the report of the pitteous news of *Eliſe's* death which the meſſenger aſſured her, thought ſhe ſhould have ſwouned with extreme joy and contentment, eſteeming that this obſtacle being removed, nothing could hinder *Philippin* from healing the ſhame of her love by marriage. She gives thanks to heaven, as if it had been guilty of her fault, and bound to repair it by ſo bloody a means; by which you may note the humours of theſe creatures, that are many times ſo impudent to mingle divinity with their miſdeeds. *Pyrrhe* is preſently advertiſed at *Vaupre*, who much rejoices for the enſuing wedding of his daughter; and the houſe of *Philippin* in ſtead of wearing blacks for the deceaſe of their Miſtreſs, are imployed in feaſting and joy of a nuptial pomp, to honour a marriage with ſmall honour conſummated.

Philippin receives a double joy by this death, ſeeing himſelf delivered of her, which he could not have been but by it; and in poſſeſſion of her, which he could not make his legitimate wife as long as *Eliſe* had lived. He ſaw himſelf poſſeſſed with great wealth by *Scevole*, by the means of *Dalimene*; which if he ſhould have reſtituted or been deprived of, would have been his utter ruine. He imagines to be gotten above all his pretenſions: And as the loadſtone hath no force to draw to it that iron that is rubbed with garlick, even ſo his heart invironed with the ſtinking garlick of diſhoneſt voluptuouſneſs, cannot be moved to any pitty towards poor *Eliſe*, whoſe love trains her to death.

Accurſed be the flames and plots of thoſe
Projectors, who ſo fruitleſly expoſe
Themſelves to plots ſo abortive and forlorn,
They die before they are beget or born.

For

For as they were preparing for theſe nuptial feaſts with great diligence, news came to them of the recovery of *Eliſe*, which turned all their joy into ſmoke, and buried all their deſigns. Oh how vain and light is humane underſtanding! *Philippin* hates the life of her, whom he lamented being dead: *Iſabel* is in deſpair, *Pyrrhe* in fury, and *Herman* afflicted; all deceived, becauſe prevented of their hopes and pretenſions. Certainly God would have it ſo, and reſerve *Eliſe* for misfortunes more cruel, to make his glory ſhine on the depth of an apparent ignominie.

But the rage of *Philippin* reſts not there: For being preſſed by *Pyrrhe* to keep his word with him, having removed his Appeal to *Rome* to make that ſentence void which had confirmed his marriage with *Eliſe*; he imploies his uttermoſt means to remove all lets and hindrances to prove it of no effect, not forgetting any diligence or earneſtneſs in the purſuit thereof. But if he were a violent undertaker, he hath to do with a better defendant: For *Scevole* being upheld by the moſt equitable right in the world, knew better how to handle theſe Proceſs-weapons then himſelf. This hinders not nevertheleſs but this labyrinth of conteſtations ingenders a marvellous long proceeding, during which years ſlide away. *Philippin* is always in poſſeſſion of *Iſabel*, by whom he had ſome children, which were brought up as legitimate. The whilſt he is loſt in his debauches, and by theſe ill proceedings offends again with new outrages the goodneſs of the chaſte *Eliſe*; which cruel perſecution carries him to an action more inconſiderate then malicious, and which will coſt him his life.

You muſt underſtand, that *Eliſe* being a Maid had been ſought in marriage by a Gentleman well qualified, and of a reaſonable good eſtate; whom we will call *Andronico*, for ſome reaſons which make this name proper to him, of which this is the principal, that among his qualities he had one which drew his title from the Apoſtle who was brother to S. *Peter*; with this being very valiant, having had many encounters in which he was ſtill victorious; this name methinks agrees well, to make all theſe things darkly underſtood. This young *Andronico*, after a long purſuit, becauſe of a ſecret diſlike *Scevole* had of men of the ſword, not willing to give his daughter but to a ſon of his own gown, as he had done before his eldeſt; being

being now at the point to obtain his desire, the dispositions of the parents of *Elise* gave him hope of a happy success, his vertue and perseverance having won them. Now *Timoleon* coming on these terms, and offering to *Scevole Philippin* his son, an alliance so great and high, this of *Andronico* vanished like a star before the sun. *Andronico* digested this bitterness with a patience which may be better praised then expresst: He makes great complaints, which the wind blows away. Challenge *Philippin* he cannot; for why, the greatness and authority of *Timoleon* threw too much dust and powder before his eyes, and it would have been to set a Wren against an Eagle. An honorable retreat seems more advantagious then a needless contestation. Well, he retires to his house, not without leaving *Elise* in some kind of sorrow, which under the permission of a just research, was far advanced in her favour, and could not be left without grief. Yet *Andronico* having at first sought her for the respect of wealth, had now by long frequentation observed in her many vertues, and lodged them deeply in his heart, letting her gain much in his best affection. I will not spread my self too far in the patticularities of their mutual loves, not to take from this History its brevity. So it is, *Andronico* yields where he could not dispute with the greatness of his Competitor; and *Elise* instructed by her mother to have no other will but that of her parents, yields to the marriage of *Philippin*, rather for obedience then any inclination; and *Scevole* imitating the dog in the fable, leaves a small body for a great shadow, losing both the one and the other; so weak and feeble is our humane wisdom.

Elise being *Philippins*, giving him her body, and with it her heart absolutely to love him, as an honest wife ought to do a husband, blotting from her thoughts all the impressions she had of *Andronico*; and he having lost all hope to enjoy her, lost also the design of pursuing any further. But as a man sleeping is not dead, nor a fire out that is covered with ashes; even so this love rejoiced to awake and lighten in these young hearts, which a holy amitie had heretofore tied in a mutual bond. *Elise* being thus separated from *Philippin* (as you have seen) and returned to her parents; *Andronico*, who was ordinarily in the town, expecting some good match, sees her at her fathers, where his own worth gave him free access; at which sight he feels some sparks of his first flame. At first

it

it was without deſign, and rather for a kind of civility then otherwiſe; yet he after continues his viſits by inclination and pleaſure that he takes in the converſation of this creature; of whoſe pittiful misfortunes he conceives as much compaſſion, as he had heretofore been paſſionate for her. And becauſe love enters not into the ſoul by any gate ſo wide as that of condolence, the extreme misfortunes of poor *Eliſe* made an ample breach in the heart of this young Gentleman, who doubtleſs loved her truly, yet with all the honour and reſpect that might be deſired of a man which made profeſſion of vertue. But this entertainment went ſo far, that *Eliſe* lets herſelf be carried to yield to the entertainments of *Andronico*, being alſo much pleaſed in his converſation, which was full of diſcretion and modeſty, example of his ends and pretenſions, that renders rather mercenarie then true theſe worldly friendſhips. They lived like brother and ſiſter, enjoying a pure and perfect union. And as there is nothing ſo precious in a great affliction, as to find a confident friend, in whoſe breaſt one may impoſe their griefs, and which partakes of our ills by an unfained charitie; *Eliſe* eſteems it her happineſs to have met with *Andronico*, to whom ſhe communicates her griefs with a holy and innocent confidence; and he on the other ſide took ſuch part, that *Eliſe* receives a marvellous conſolation; for by his words and reaſons he tempred the ſharp points which augmented the ſmart of this diſaſter, withal having a certain grace in his ſpeech that made his counſels and conſolations very commendable. If *Eliſe* complain of the rigorous uſage of *Philippin*, his fierceneſs and cruelty; *Andronico* blames this fierce cruelty, and judges him unworthy to enjoy ſo great a goodneſs as hers; ſaying that the love of *Eliſe* was too ſincere for a ſubject ſo full of ingratitude; and that if ſhe had not yielded to him ſo much, he would have more reſpected her, and not given her this ill uſage.

I ſhall never have done, if I ſhould undertake to repreſent their diſcourſe and entertainments, which made them eſteem the hours as ſhort as minutes, in which they were preſent one with the other; and a moment of abſence ſeemed infinite ages. Thus by little and little the ſympathie of their diſpoſitions made them find themſelves tied in a knot indiſſoluble, without ever paſsing in this their frequentation (which was always in the preſence of either *Sophie* or *Scevole*) any action, word

or thought, directly or indirectly contrary to purity and honesty. Their eyes were of doves, washed in the milk of innocence and whiteness; their lips bound with a scarlet ribbon, so full of puritie was their discourse; with hands full of myrrhe (preservative against corruption) were exempt of impurity; their hearts and bodies breathed nothing but modesty. How often both *Scevole* and *Sophie*, seeing this commendable amity, grieved they had not joined them in marriage according to their first intent! But repentance came too late, the dice are thrown:

We must with patience, more or less,
Sustain those wrongs we can't redress:
Impatience is Afflictions sonne,
And breeds a thousand plagues alone.

The whilst these unadvised parents considered not they threw oil on the fire that their youths kindled, though she covers it with a vail of chaste modestie; this gave liberty to *Elise* to desire *Andronico*, if she had been free from the slavish tyrannie of *Philippin*: she reproves often the ambition of her parents, who had been cause of her fall by an ascent too high; how much more sweet appears a mediocrit fortune, then those so eminent, which like the fate of huge rocks are sooner struck thunder then the humble vallies; considering

What trouble and distraction's there, where Power
With Love's *Corrival and Competitor.*

Andronico gathers these plants as pearls from roses, for he was not without tears, making ruddie the plants of his desires, and cursing his ill fortune, which made them acceptable now out of season, and were refused when receivable. Till when, says he, O confounder of vertue, and my sworn enemy! wilt thou persecute me?

Remorseless Fate then mercileſs will move
In opposition to impede my Love.

But then coming to himself, and seeing that under these fantastical names of fortune and destinie he taxed the divine providence, under whom slides the thread of our days, and which holds

holds our being in his hands; resolves to adore rather then to outrage; and full of confidence, flatters himself with some aiery hope by these words:

If Heaven on my forsaken head
The influence of his Grace shall shed,
In melting showrs, and once more shine
Upon this drooping soul of mine:
From gray I shall grow green; each night shall bring
The morn, and turn my winter into spring.

But why do I delay so long to let you see the rock of precipitation, the end of scandal, and shelf of shipwrack of these souls, in effect innocents, yet in appearance will become horrible guilty. Alas! the bird which produces the feather is taken; and the Eagle oftentimes furnishes the feather which makes the arrow that wounds her to death. After they had long sighed in one anothers ears their griefs, and cursed their miserable condition which had hindred their being one anothers; after having many times desired that *Philippin* had been *Isabels*, and *Andronico Elise's*; the laws, which are not always conformable to the desires of Lovers, were found to contradict these alliances; for the knot which God ties, cannot be cut but by the axe of death. After many reciprocal words of good will, followed with a thousand protestations to enjoy one another in marriage, if death in punishing the perfidies of *Philippin* would give way to their loves; after many Letters which contained the same language, coming so forward, falling by little and little into pits, which in stead of snaring drew them out at length to strangle them; that they made reciprocal promises one to the other, which could have no other ground but the death of *Philippin*; which neither the one nor the other had any thought to procure by any way, but to attend it by the hand of God.

Here is all their fault: And certainly 'tis true, vertuous *Elise*, that by a vain assurance of fidelity, which will be as strongly tied to your heart as to the paper, you put in great hazard both your honour and life. This was the highest degree and end of *Andronico's* designs; for he knew too well the humour of *Elise*, to pretend of her any thing which was not honorable; nothing passing between them of that which this

honeſt wife ought to her legitimate, although barbarous huſband; for ſhe had her purity in ſuch a recommendation, that modeſty ruled not only her actions and words, but alſo her thoughts. O muſt ſhe, to prevent the title of ingratitude, which could not have been given but by the mouth of *Andronico*, fall into ſuch an imprudence, which will make her die in the ſight of all the world in quality of an infamous adulterer and bloody homicide of her own husband, although in effect or in will ſhe was no ways guilty.

Thus a ſparkle ſometime blown far, increaſes to a great fire; and a ſmall hurt neglected, becomes an incurable ulcer; a little ſpring increaſing to a flood, runs with a large compaſs into the ſalt ſea. But how ſhall this Promiſe be diſcovered, which ſhould not ſee the day, but when the ſun ſhould leave to ſee *Philippin* on earth? Yet you will underſtand it by a means, that will force you to cry with the great Apoſtle, O height of riches of the wiſdom of God, whoſe judgments are incomprehenſible, and his wayes unſearchable! The whilſt *Philippin* is at *Gold-mount*, in poſſeſſion of the body of *Iſabel*, with whom he conſumes his days in abominable and unlawfull delights, gilding his evils with the fair name of marriage, and by a falſe malicious conſcience eſteeming her his wife: *Andronico* is in the town in poſſeſſion of the heart of *Eliſe*, who laments no more the abſence of *Philippin*, by enjoying the preſence of *Andronico*; their converſations all pure and ſpiritual, have nothing that the moſt ſevere cenſurers can juſtly blame; and living under the eye and diſcipline of a *Sophie*, who truſted not ſo much her daughter, as that ſhe had not always an eye on her converſation.

Thus whilſt the Proceſs of *Philippin* for diſſolving his marriage is drawn out ſtill longer, ('tis a web cannot be untangled) *Pyrrhe* enraged by theſe delays, murmurs and threatens to kill *Philippin*, if he purſues it not to an iſſue, as he had promiſed him. So that the ſollicitation of this buſineſs calls *Philippin* to town, having many points in his cauſe which could not be decided but in his preſence, beſides that he could have no better Sollicitor then himſelf. Being thus imployed, in all companies whereſoever he came, he was ſtill ſpeaking invective words againſt *Scevole* and his daughter, which made him odious to all that heard him: For, wronging her whom all held his wife, was it not to gather filth to cover his head, and

to

to throw hot burning coals in his own face? He was then doubly blamed and mocked of those which knew the integrity of the father, and worth of the mother of vertuous *Elise*; who attributed all these words to the lightness of his understanding, nourished in vice, and rotten in his debauches. But when many times his wisest friend would reproach him with his inconstancie, presenting to him the ill opinion which was spread in the world of this vile life he lived with *Isabel*; in stead of taking these admonitions with the right hand, he receives them with the left, is displeased with these truths, or turns them to laughter, rejoicing in his misfortune and vice, and glorying in his ills. For many time in the company of Ladies, where he was for this most persecuted, in a vain humour he describes the graces of his *Diana*, and deciphers (what shall I say?) rends the ill form of poor *Elise*. He makes them see that all the precepts of the art of well-speaking, have nothing that gives greater eloquence then passion: For as love made him fruitfull in one subject, hatred makes him as wild in the other; having a voice equally strong to praise and blame, excessive in both.

Andronico frequents, as well as he, these companies; welcomed wheresoever, for being full of worthy parts that made him commendable; which he accompanied with as much wisdom and staidness, as *Philippin* shewed lightness. He hears sometimes recited the indiscreet discourse of this Lord, who spake without punishment what he pleased: And being pricked in the tendrest part of his affection, knowing the vertues of *Elise*, could not suffer they should be so cruelly defamed by the tongue of *Philippin*. But as then fearing to discover his love in sustaining this innocence, finds himself reduced into strange agonies: Nevertheless at the assault of these reports, which took him sometimes on the sudden, he could not contain himself from replying as sharp and biting words against *Philippin*, as he received sweet from *Elise*: sometime accusing him of backbiting and indiscretion, and often of falshood, saying that *Seevole* wanted not friends to sustain the contrary of that he so unworthily sought to advance; sometimes affirming it was a shame for a Cavalier to have to do with one of the Gown, and more to rail against a Woman, who had no other arms but her tears; many times for mirth makes Satyrs of *Isabel*, not only to his nose, but also with

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the pen: He writ certain verſes againſt her, and long ones; but becauſe they were too biting, I would not black this paper with them. Often in defending *Eliſe*, he publiſhes her worth and patience, ſaying that *Philippin* abuſed her goodnes, was not worthy of ſuch a wife; for in following the diſſolution of his marriage, he ſought his own ruine and ſhame: His ruine, for without the wealth of *Scevole* his houſe remains engaged without hope of recovery; his ſhame, in having married one he covers with infamie and diſhonour. And for the inſupportable diſdain that pride drew from the ſpirit of *Philippin* againſt the family of *Scevole*, he ſaid that the inequality in condition made him not leſs noble; Juſtice being during peace, that which Military art is during wars: That if Nobility were drawn from its firſt and moſt juſt meaſure, which is Vertue, it would be found greater of the fathers ſide then of the ſon-in-law's: That according to the courſe of the world, a new Nobility accompanied with great riches, ought to be in as great eſteem as an antient boaſting under miſerable poverty. As the wind carries often a ſmall ſparkle here and there, which at length is cauſe of great flames; ſo there want not in the world reporters, which like Smiths bellows ſerve to light and kindle cholers, and to put fire into mens courages. The ſpeeches of *Andronico* come by theſe means to the proud ears of *Philippin*, who at firſt began to carry himſelf with threats, appearing as a cowardly dog that barks more then bites. It was true, that for antiquity and greatneſs of deſcent, *Andronico* was much the inferior; yet was he a Gentleman, and of a deſcent too good to endure any thing unworthy. When *Philippin* ſpake of a cudgel, he replied he would anſwer him with a blade of ſteel; and being born a Gentleman, might meaſure his ſword with any man that wore iron at his ſide.

By an ill encounter they met in a company; where at the firſt ſight, after the lightning of looks, ſucceeds the thunder of words, and had come to the hail of blows, if they had not been by the multitude of their friends parted. *Andronico* not having loſt any thing in this encounter, retains himſelf within modeſty; but furious *Philippin* foaming with rage, challenges him with as much noiſe, as ſmall effect: For it was never in their powers to meet; the Juſtice having ſet guards on them, and the Governour deſirous to agree them, had ſtraitly

ſtraitly forbid them fighting. The whilſt *Philippin*, beſides the ſpight to ſee himſelf braved by a man he thought not worthy to be his ſervant, redoubling his injuries not only againſt *Scevole* and *Eliſe*, but alſo againſt *Andronico*; obliges his patience to return ſharp replies. *Philippin* enquires from whence this humour of *Andronico*'s ſhould proceed, to ſuſtain ſo ardently the cauſe of *Eliſe*: And having learned his ordinary frequenting the houſe of *Scevole*, with ſome addition by the calumnious reporter, as it is ordinary, adding ſomething to flatter his paſſion; we need not ask if he added to the letter. As thoſe which are ill, think all are like themſelves, he accuſes her of diſhonour, who was as innocent as he guilty; calling ordinarily *Andronico*, in mockery, the Squire of *Eliſe*; a word in apparence ſimple, but furred with black malice, and to be underſtood as ſharp as it appeared ſubtile.

The courteous *Andronico* turning to laughter theſe mockeries, ſaid, his madneſs made him ſpit at heaven, and his own filth returned on his head. Which was true: for if *Eliſe* had been ſuch as *Philippin* had deſcribed her, and his marriage with her not yet declared null; who ſees not that that which he ſaid to diſhonour her, returned infamy on himſelf? But in that he ſhot his arrow at a rock, which returns to hurt him that ſhot it. And *Andronico*, to ſhew he wanted not wit nor ſpirit to defend himſelf with a tongue, more then the other that aſſailed him; would ſay, that if he had lived in the time of the antient Palatines, which made profeſſion to revenge the wrongs done by the ſtrongeſt to the weakeſt, as alſo to defend the afflicted innocent, and principally to vindicate the honour of Ladies, he would eaſily have been drawn to the field as *Eliſe*'s Knight, to make known by a victory the juſtice of this Lady, ſo unjuſtly accuſed and unworthily uſed by her barbarous husband.

But ſince they were ſo ſtrictly watched that they could not join, and the uſe of thoſe antient Combats aboliſhed; accommodating themſelves according to the time, bear patiently the yoke the laws had impoſed, and obſerving the cuſtoms of the place they live in, all theſe conteſtations of words ſeemed like ſtorms and thunder, which after much lightening in dark miſts of rain and noiſe, leave no ſign of their paſſage but only darkneſs: For after theſe reports and bitings, all theſe bravado's end in air, which filled with filth the authors themſelves,

ſelves, as ſnails which ſoil themſelves in their own ſcum. But at laſt as lightning is ordinarily followed with thunder-claps, even ſo choler paſſes ordinarily from the tongue to the hand.

A Gentleman of *Philippin's*, whom we will call *Valfran*, mad to ſee his Maſter could not be revenged of a meaner then himſelf, reſolves on a baſe and unworthy act, which was to ſhoot a piſtol at the head of *Andronico*. He takes his time, and as day was ſhut in, (for theſe ſhamefull actions require darkneſs) having learnt he was in a company where he paſſed his time in hearing a pleaſing Conſort of muſick; he ſent to him by one of his Lacquays, ſaying he was to ſpeak with him from the Lord *Philippin*, and would attend him at the chamber door. The Lacquay tells his Maſter ſecretly; who full of the furious courage of our French Nation, that eſteems moſt valor in ſingle Combats, although it be nothing but brutality; and dead with envy to ſee this Rodomonts ſword in his hand, hoping to abate his pride, and make his day by his death to the promiſe of *Eliſe*; ſteals ſubtilly from his company, as if he would but go into another chamber; and ſtepping to the door, he no ſooner appeared, but the traiterous murderer which attended him with his foot firm, without ſaying any word, preſents his piſtol to his head. *Andronico* ſlips quickly aſide, and ſo happily, that the blow given with a noiſe (ſuch as you may judge) againſt the door, burſt it like thunder. Hereat all the houſe and neighbourhood is in alarms; the Conſort ceaſes, and yields to this helliſh muſick. The murderer would have drawn his ſword; but *Andronico* throwing himſelf reſolutely upon him, rolls him down the ſtairs. Above and below were many blows given; the Lacquays cry murder; all run to the reſcue of *Andronico*; but the place was ſo ſtrait, that the ſword of *Valfran* was of no uſe. *Andronico* is altogether unarmed; who perceiving the murderer ſought his poniard to offend him, having more ſtrength gets it, and holding it to his throat, ſays, Remember thou miſt me, but I will not fail thee; and ſtrikes it twice or thrice into his body. The murderer cries out fearfully: He would have ended him; but deſirous to know from whence this ſhould come, he leaves him yet with ſome part of life. *Andronico's* friends came with their ſwords in their hands, and thinking this enterpriſe was followed, run up and down the ſtreets to find

find out the Complices of *Valfran*: but finding none, the Juſtice is ſent for, into whoſe hands the Traitor is remitted; who confeſſed in the place, that he was incited to this baſe act (unworthy a Gentleman as he was) becauſe he ſaw his Maſter could not meet *Andronico* to end their quarrel; and that he could not endure that a meaner then his maſter ſhould reſiſt him ſo ſtrongly.

Philippin advertiſed of this accident, loving *Valfran* as much as he hated *Andronico*, knows not of which ſide to range himſelf: For if he ſuſtain the traitor, he covers himſelf with ſhame and infamy, and although he proteſt, will be thought partaker in the treaſon; and to renounce him, would be to imbrace the cauſe of his enemy, and abandon his friend. But honour bears him above friendſhip; and blaming this way as altogether ſhamefull and illbecoming a generous courage, he diſavows *Valfran*, yet beſeechhes the Juſtice to content themſelves with his wounds, without putting him to a ſhamefull death. But they were found ſuch, as they prevented the puniſhment of juſtice; for three days after he dyed: God, by a ſecret pitty, giving him that time to acknowledg his faults, which he did, demanding a thouſand pardons of *Andronico* for his attempt; and underſtanding the diſavow of *Philippin*, which had left him in the point of his greateſt neceſſity, cries, O how great is the ingratitude of worlings! how frail their ſtrength, whoſe amity is enmity to that of God's!

This death ſhewed the juſtice of God, which leaves no evil unpuniſhed, increaſed juſtice in men, ſatisfied *Andronico*, purged *Philippin*; and by this example teaches us the truth of the celeſtial oracle ſpoken by the mouth of King *David* in his Pſalm,

Lean not on th'arm of Princes, nor rely
On ſons of men, or humane policy:
From whom no ſuccors can arrive or come,
Which can anticipate, or divert thy doom.

When the contracted breath doth upwards draw
And like ſome exhalation flie away,
The body ſuddenly returns to earth
To take her burial, where ſhe took her birth:
Leaving all empty projects far behind,
Like atoms ſcatter'd in the fleeting wind.

All that *Philippin* could proteſt againſt *Valfran* notwithſtanding, in the opinion of the world this ſhamefull ſtain reſts in his forehead, that he was not only cauſe, but alſo conſenting to this abominable act, for the fault of the ſervant is often thrown on the maſter. This raiſed marvellouſly the eſtimation of *Andronico*; who was quitted for ſtabbing of *Valfran*. Oh how much did *Eliſe* find herſelf bound to him for all this! how much love did ſhe proteſt to him, and to keep in her memory an eternal acknowledgment! For *Andronico* was not content to employ his tongue in the defence of her honour in all companies, but vowed he would expoſe his life a thouſand times for her protection. She muſt have been inſenſible to have neglected ſo many obligations.

Philippin purſues ſtill his firſt point, to be diſengaged in marriage from *Eliſe*; perſevering in his ordinary mockeries, and calling *Andronico* his Rival, (for ſo he had been, when he firſt knew *Eliſe*, being then a Maid) and wondring he ſhould contradict him in this ſeparation, which he eſteemed ought to have been ſought by *Andronico*, if he had any deſign to marry her. Thus into what ſtrange ſpeeches was he not tranſſported! ſaying, he ſhould but be too happy being refuſed; and was very glad to yield him a good, as he was ſorry to take from him: And full of many other nipping taunts, which I will leave to the conjecture of a good judgment, rather then to ſoil the whiteneſs of theſe pages.

Amongſt all theſe ſmall riots there was great hatred, and almoſt all the Town took part with the one or the other ſide. Thoſe which held with *Philippin*, trumpeted every where the violence *Timoleon* had uſed on his will to make him yield to this marriage: And *Scevole* being rich, wanted not enviers, which rejoyced to ſee theſe troubles in his family. But this party was leaſt: For the inſupportable inſolence and pride of *Philippin*, in his words and actions, made him odious to thoſe which had no intereſt in his cauſe. So that juſtice and vertue fighting for *Eliſe*, made the ſide of *Andronico* much more ſtrong and puiſſant. His modeſty and diſcretion contributed not a little to the good will that was borne him by many: There was not any that eſteemed not *Eliſe* to have been happier being his, then *Philippin's*; for contentment having been preferred before wealth and riches, it is not to be doubted ſhe ſhould have enjoyed as much in the company of

of this mean Gentleman, as this great Lord, which uſes her with ſo much cruelty and diſdain.

As things were in this eſtate, there happens to be a marriage not far from *Philippins* lodging, which are common friends to both our Oppoſites. They are both invited to the feaſt; but beſought with all affection not to quarrel there, for not hindring a Company that was aſſembled to be only merry and make good cheer. Which they both ſolemnly promiſe to thoſe that invite them, in ſo free a manner, that their inviters hoped I know not what of reconciliation. But here is a ſtrange web made. For you ſhall know that *Pyrrhe* weary to live ſo long, without ſeeing the iſſue of his daughters proceſs; and not able to ſupport ſeeing himſelf the ſhamefull proverb and object to all his neighbours, by a ſecret ſuggeſtion of the devil (as it's to be believed) lets himſelf be led by the ſpirit of vengeance, eſteeming *Philippin* dealt underhand with his adverſary, to abuſe his patience and the honour of his daughter, holding his reputation in ſuſpence during the length of this purſuit. He could not come to his ends of *Philippin* at *Bellerive*, nor at *Gold-mount*, becauſe in the Country he always went ſo well accompanied in time of his defiance, that he had no means to approach him. He imagines, that walking the ſtreets without ſuſpect, it would be eaſie to ſurpriſe him, and take the life of him that had made him loſe his honour, ſtealing it traiterouſly as he had raviſhed and ſtole his daughter.

Ill deſigns are as ſoon taken as thought on, and pernicious counſels as ſoon followed as propoſed. For at firſt diſcovery he made to his ſon *Herman*, he offers to execute this enterpriſe; and *Pyrrhe* himſelf would be of the party; but *Herman* conjures him to keep his houſe for the conſervation of his goods, to the end that if it ſhould come to be diſcovered after the blow, he might (having paſſed the Alps, or croſſed the ſeas) be aſſiſted by his meanes in *Italy* or in *Spain*. *Pyrrhe*, though with much pain, yields to this advice. And having acquainted an antient Servant whom they truſted, ſtout of his hands, whom we will call *Rebaldo*, he's ready to aſſiſt *Herman* in this enterpriſe. They come to the town well mounted, with arms neceſſary to execute it; and being hid in the day, not going out but by night, hoping to entrap *Philippin* returning from ſome company, the occaſion of this Wedding-

ſupper ſeems fit to bring to paſs their vengeance. Whilſt *Philippin* and *Andronico* are in feaſting, dancing, mirth and joy, with pleaſant jeſts and gallantries, their looks are always at one ſide, not ſpeaking but with eyes whoſe ſparkles inſtead of love threaten death; yet do they contain themſelves, to maintain their promiſe. Not but that they ſaid what they pleaſed; for in thoſe corners ſeparated it was impoſſible to joyn, not holding themſelves to have power to ſpeak without being moved, and once moved, to ſtrike; it was very hard to diſcourſe, and not betray their paſſions.

Here are wars made at *Philippin* upon the ſubject of his Amazon: but he raiſes her merits with ſuch art, as his eloquence blinds the judgments of all thoſe that hear him; and thoſe who accuſed him in the beginning, excuſe him in the end. At another corner, *Andronico* being perſecuted in jeſt and ſpoke as *Eliſe's* Knight; what ſays he not in the praiſe of this vertuous woman? And that he ſays in honour of her, could not but turn to the diſadvantage of him that uſed her with ſo much injuſtice. And as he was founded in a truth, he he ſuſtains it with ſo good terms, that there was not any of thoſe which heard him that had not their eyes fixed on his good faſhion, and ears on his tongue. Many times he unfortunately happened to ſay, That if *Philippin* were dead, which might ſhortly be expected by the juſtice of heaven, he would eſteem himſelf much honoured to marry *Eliſe*, as widow to a Knight, and one of the honeſteſt women on earth. But *Iſabel* could not ſay ſo much: For if *Philippin* lived, ſhe was diſhonored; He being dead, ſhe durſt not appear in the eyes of the world.

From thence his paſſion carried him to ſay, that *Eliſe* deſerved a better fortune then *Philippin*; who (in truth) without the expreſs commandment of her parents would never have married him. And after this falls to other particularities, which had not fallen to the ground, though they had not been gathered up by the ears of *Philippin*. Many times thoſe which heard them ſpeak ſo diſgracefully one of the other, would fain have broken off this diſcourſe: But as there is nothing that tickles the ears more then detraction, by a natural malice which inclines us to ill, all give way to their diſcourſe. And that which at laſt loſt *Andronico*, was a word that ſlipt from him unawares, as reproaching *Philippin* of the aſſaſſination

of

of *Valfran*, although he were innocent by the oath of the delinquent. It might have been easie, and it may be permitted (says he) by the course of the world, to return a treason by another; but I hate too much such base unworthiness. *Andronico*, this will cost you very dear.

It is now time to conduct the new married pair to bed; where being arrived, all this fair company are separated. In the great number of Caroches and horses which waited at the gates, it was easie for *Herman* and *Roboald* to stand in the darkness of the night amongst this press; from the midst of which comes *Philippin* slightly accompanied, and on foot, by reason of the neerness of his lodging. As he drew neer *Roboald*, who stroke down the Page that carried the torch, *Herman* on horsback comes upon *Philippin* like thunder, presenting the mouth of his pistol to his forehead with a steel-bullet, which strikes out his brains on the stones. *Philippin* seeing him come, believed it was *Andronico*; and cryed, O Traitor! O *Elise!* thou mak'st me be murdered! And so dyed. After this blow, *Herman* and *Roboald* retire by favour of the night to their lodgings, from whence they went next morning by break of day; arriving at *Vaupre* with an assurance as if they had done nothing, for they were certain not to have been perceived.

But let's return to the City, where in an instant all was in rumor and alarm: Many fled; others more valiant, went to behold this tragick spectacle of *Philippin* spread stark dead on the pavement. *Andronico*, who was no way guilty, comes on horse-back with others. He laments, as *Cæsar* did *Pompey*, the death of his enemy; nevertheless with a certain fashion mingled with joy, which gives an entrance to suspition if it were not himself, that after so detestable a deed comes to counterfeit the innocent. Many circumstances seem to accuse him; as the discourse he had held in the Wedding-hall, and 'twas a man on horse-back that kill'd *Philippin*. Many said aloud, that if he did it not, he had made it to be done; which he denies with as much constancie, as truth. There were other testimonies of some that had seen him take horse at the very time that *Philippin* was shot, giving assurance that he could not have committed an action so base; but that he was of the plot there was place for suspition, leaving all these groundless reports. He raising his head, strengthened with his own innocence,

nocence, retires confidently to his house, believing already to be in possession of his *Elise*. Who had no sooner understood the bloody murder of her husband, with this miserable circumstance of *Andronico's* being suspected; but changing the love she had for *Philippin* into pitty, and the good will so worthy which she had born *Andronico* into a mortal hatred, she takes this conjecture for a truth, and upon this first impression no way doubts it; whether it was to have her in possession according to the promise she had given him, or to be revenged for the attempt of *Valfran*, he had done this base act himself, or made it be done. And even as that friendship which is grounded on vertue, swouns before its contrary; the same doth charity in the soul, encountring vice; like the stone called *Prassius*, that loses its lustre at the approach of any poyson. Here is she for the loss of *Philippin* filled with grief not to be comforted; her affection is redoubled by this cruel and dangerous trespass; and so void of good will for *Andronico*, that she hath his name in horror, and the thought of him is an abomination insupportable.

Philippin is conveyed to *Bellerive* to the sepulchre of his fathers, whither couragious *Elise* had the strength to accompany him. Her mourning and tears, as sincere as her love was true, moved more pitty in those that saw her thus living, then for her dead husband. For all saw by the misgovernment of this young Lord a just punishment from heaven; the hand of God lay heavy on his head that had been dashed in peeces: according to that word of *David*, A perfidious man given to flesh and blood, never sees the days of half the course of his life. *Scevole*, a man of great understanding, accompanies his daughter, as Dowager to the house of *Philippin*, to these funeral rights; with his Grandchild *Dalimene*, as she that was now universal heir by the declaration of the validity of the marriage of *Elise* and *Philippin*, whose right full succession none could withstand.

But this is not all in question to dislodge the *Amazon* out of *Goldmount*. For, not to speak of the complaints of this desperate Lover, and the furies that seised her at the receit of the news of his death, then when she hoped to have come to Town to have married him; who being the corrupter of her integrity, ought to be the repairer of her renown. There wanted not much, being filled with a rage full of blindness,

that

that ſhe had not killed two miſerable children which ſhe had by *Philippin* the time they had been together; and for to have kept them company, have pierced herſelf with the ſame blade that had murdered them. But the inſpiration of her good Angel was ſtronger in this aſſault, then the ſuggeſtion of the ill; who raiſes for a time the impious above the cedars of Libanus, for to throw them in the end into the deep pit of deſpair. At length ſhe reſolves on an enterpriſe as fooliſh as hardy; (but on what doth one not think in extremities?) which was, To make herſelf Miſtreſs of the Caſtle of *Gold-mount*, and to keep it by force of arms, to which her courage and ordinary exerciſes had incited her. For to return to her father was a thing ſhe could not hear of, doubting the ill uſage and indignation of *Pyrrhe*; and after ſo much greatneſs and magnificences that ſhe had taſted in the houſe of *Philippin*, could not reduce herſelf to the poverty of the paternal, that ſhe knew for the ſubject of her ill life was become altogether incommodate.

But *Scevole* having had the wind of this deſign, goes ſtrait to *Gold-mount*; and authoriſed by the Juſtice of the Country, aſſembles by the Provoſt all the Commons, and begirts this Warrior in her Caſtle; who having made more proviſion of men then victuals, was delivered by thoſe that ought to have defended her, into the hands of *Scevole*, who was pleaſed to remit her into thoſe of her fathers, that faint to be ignorant of the death of *Philippin*; he receives her alone, refuſing to meddle with her children, which *Scevole* takes charge of as deſcended of his ſon-in-law, though illegitimate. When *Iſabel* ſaw herſelf in *Vaupre* ſhut up in a dark priſon, it was then ſhe had occaſion to curſe her faults paſſed, and to acknowledg that theſe tribulations were the leaſt that ſhe deſerved. We will leave her to ſuffer under the hardneſs of her irons, and ſuch barbarous uſage that I abhor to write of, to come to *Scevole*, who returns to the City triumphing in the execution of this juſtice mingled with ſo much mercy, for he might have uſed a more exemplary puniſhment on this criminal rebellion. He again confirms the marriage of *Eliſe* with *Philippin*, and anew declares *Dalimant* heir, and her Mother dowager and governeſs. *Eliſe* ſhews in her face the ſigns of a widowhood full of grief and bitterneſs; her voice is like the turtles, nothing but ſolitude is pleaſing to her.

Andro-

Andronico, which could not think the ill usage of *Philippin* could have begot so strange a mourning, believes some art, where there is nothing but simplicity. He intends to visit this desolate Lady, to contribute, at least for complement, some image of consolation to this grief that he esteems sained. But finding her so much changed in her self, and for him, that she was to be misknown in face, and more in her understanding; At first aboard he esteems that the goodness of her nature had renewed her antient love by the pitty of so mournfull an accident, which was cause of all this wildness. And desirous, pressed by his own affections, to give her some comfort; as he thought to have drawn her aside, she prevents his design by her sudden retiring, which gave him no means of speech but before *Sophie*, his discourse being no other but that is accustomed in the like occasions. But at last *Sophie* being called into another place, left *Elise* (as formerly) in conversation of *Andronico*. But she turning her back to him, as if she had seen a serpent or fearfull dragon, follows her mother, and leaves him not only as an indifferent person, but as a detested; which was greater in the heart of *Andronico* then either spittle or shame; for such an outrage in the lightning of her eyes threatned a horrible tempest.

The troublesom confusion to see himself left, now when he thought to be most favourably received of this woman, having given her so many testimonies of his love, and honoured her so respectfully; puts more colours in her face then we see in the Rainbow that proclaims a storm. And truly, being this man is innocent, let it be permitted us to say this word in his defence: O *Elise*, you will have time to repent you, to have condemned one before hearing him, and to have so soon given belief to a light conjecture. There is nothing ordinarily more false then the reports of the Town; for fame increases not but for the most part with lyes; the divers reports and conjectures are but dreams of men waking. You will ruine your own happiness; and for a slight disdain you make this generous heart feel, it will cost you your life; you wrong your self more then him, and lay a foundation of dislike which will be your common loss. Who is not astonished at your inconstancie? to see her which in her greatest adversities shewed more strength then a man, for a vain shadow shew weaker then a woman; like a Rose-tree that bends with the smallest wind?

wind? who can justifie your ingratitude, or uphold your forgetfulness, in but thinking of the good offices this young Gentleman did you, when exposing himself to so many quarrels and hazards to maintain your honour, and the validity of your marriage, against himself and his own contentment? You permitted him to love you, when there was no hope to see the fruits of the flowers of his affections; and now that the day of hope begins to appear, you cover him with a night of despair, not only forbidding him to love or seek you (the lawfull gate being open) but also to see or speak to you. As great a heart as a woman shews in the most fearfull accidents, she returns always to her own nature, and many times in the smallest encounters makes known her great weakness; like the captive King that wept not seeing his son slain, and yet shed tears at the death of his slave. I have much ado, *Elise*, that I accuse you not of lightness, and esteem you worthy of the pains you go to suffer, forgetting the grief I felt in reciting what you have suffered. For is it not like the Prince of Israel, to hate so unworthily those that love you, and love unjustly those that hate you? I see you are like the sick, that have their taste so changed, that those meats they held delicate being well, go against their stomacks in their indisposition: For this sincere affection which you have had to this Gentleman, is converted into hatred. This change cannot but be extreme, the effect being ordinarily compared to its cause. She is like the fits of the Prophet, either perfectly good, or extreme ill; and like delicate bodies which turn sooner to corruption, by how much they have been tenderly nourished.

Andronico retires by this blow, with a thousand divers thoughts that troubled his very soul. Not able to rest all night, being so afflicted with different passions, he doth nothing but search in himself, and plunge into the secret corners of his soul, to find in what he had failed in duty to his Love, to be used in this sort: And after having turned often in this labyrinth, from whence he still came forth by the gate of innocence, thought it was for the small assistance he had given to *Scevole* and *Elise* in their journey to *Bellerive* and *Goldmount*, where he thought he should have testified the fidelity of his courage. Sometime he was perswaded, that *Elise* much grieved, consolation displeased her; being there is nothing that displeases more in tears then musick, though in it self

most pleasing: But to think that she grieved for the death of a man that had so wronged her during his life, and of whom she had complained a thousand times to himself; it was a thing he could not admit into his belief.

VVhat shall he do amongst these perplexities? He writes; but his Letters heretofore so well received, are rejected with a fashion that testified a discontentment, and no small one. This affront seems very sensible to his honour: Many times despight counsels him to raise it, as not to the purpose to suffer this indignity, if he were to live with her, as he desires and hopes. He hopes it; for his love, of more strength then this outrage, makes him wave all these punctual considerations: He desires it, because this Match will be extremely advantagious to him. And esteeming it sure, being founded on her strong promises; not able to resist the fierce assaults of his passion, nor the disdain received, nor to forget his pursuit, or resolve on patience, (that so soveraign herb in all the troubles of our thoughts) he is resolved, on what price soever, to accost *Elise*, with opportunity, or by importunity. For to live longer in this incertitude of the cause of his disgrace, is impossible; and impossible it was for him to find the occasion; for what prayers soever he make, this favour is denied him, without other reason but a furious indignation. He prevails so much with *Sophie* to whom he addresses himself, that he obtains permission to speak with *Elise*, but in her presence; yet nevertheless apart, and in that fashion, as she might not hear any thing of importance which he had to communicate to her. *Sophie* according to her promise commands *Elise* to hear *Andronico*; wondring much from whence this sudden change should proceed towards this Gentleman, that had given her so many testimonies of his love, and done her those obliging services, the conversation of whom had heretofore been so pleasing to her. For although this foul report came to her ears of the suspition for the death of *Philippin*, nevertheless she was a woman so wise and so advised, that without hearkning to these Town-reports, she chose rather to believe her eyes, which made her see many vertues in this honest man, then to incline too lightly to a flying murmur that entred her ears. She had much ado to make *Elise* yield to this enterview; and demanding the reasons of this difficulty she made, thinking it had been some one of these gentile repulses or amiable

riots that ingender ordinarily between thoſe that love deareſt. *Eliſe* beſought her not to preſs any further on that ſubject, which was dangerous, and would draw blood of the noſe of her child with often blowing. Yet neverthelesſ as ſhe was humble and ſubmiſſive, putting her will under the obedience of the commandment of her mother, ſhe conſents to this meeting: but being in preſence one of the other, their contrary paſsions were ſo vehement, that the words they had purpoſed to ſay, die in the utterance, reſting a long ſpace without preferring one word; An evident ſign of the troubles of their thoughts. But oh how different were they! For *Eliſe's* were of hatred and diſdain, and thoſe of *Andronico* of love and grief. 'Tis true, a mean grief may be told; but an extreme, aſtoniſhing the underſtanding, ſurmounts the power to expreſs it. At laſt, as the fear of the death of *Cræſus* untied the tongue of his ſon being born dumb; even ſo the fear to loſe this fair occaſion that he had purchaſed with ſo much pain, drew from the mouth of *Andronico*, rather dead then living, theſe words drawn from the eſſence of the ſame diſpleaſure:

Madam, My grief is ſuch, that if it would but give me the means to preſent it, I ſhould diminiſh the infinity of it, as I advance in terms that will rather offend the greatneſs, then any way decipher the leaſt part thereof; it would be too weak, if it gave not leave to the ſighing of my complaint. All that comforts me in this mortal diſtreſs, is, that I ſuffer for your occaſion; ſo that the excellencie of the cauſe eaſes the rigor of the effect: For it is ſo much honour for me to ſuffer for you, that for ſo worthy a ſubject, there is no ſort of torment, which, in ſtead of offence, is not held by me for a recompence.

At theſe doubtfull words, *Eliſe* ſuddenly judged he was guilty of the death of her husband; but the biting of his conſcience made him fearfull, and therefore ſtrove to cover it with theſe artificious words; ſearching excuſes to make him, if not pardonable, leſs odious. Which made her return him this ſharp anſwer: Content yourſelf with my ſilence, *Andronico*, and convert not my patience into fury, for fear my forbearing lightens not from the juſt feeling of my wrong. Content you to have reduced me, by your execrable vileneſs, to the higheſt period of grief that a ſoul can feel, that loſes the half of herſelf in the loſs of her husband.

Madam, replied *Andronico*, I easily pardon the grief your good nature feels for the death of him, to whom the law of marriage had tyed you in a strait bond; for I know how strongly you loved him, notwithstanding the ill usage by which he violated your constancie: but I cannot conceive what grief should make you call me vile and execrable; accents so far different from so many other sweet names that I have heretofore seen you choose to favour me; titles so far from those that your courtesie not long since did oblige, not my desert, but my fidelity; that I am forced to tell you, that as the bee which makes the hony, is that which stings the most sensibly; and as hony so sweet in the mouth, is most sharp to wounds; and as there is nothing more scalding then oil, when it is hot; so these outrages coming from your mouth are so much more grievous, by how much I have received consolation and gratification. Must I be so unhappy to see the fire of my wounds come from the place from whence I expected my healing? Is it possible after such a metamorphosis, that you retain the name of that *Elise* that professed so much love to me then, when it was less lawfull to love me? of that *Elise* which I so devoutly honoured, and, against all these contradictions I cherish yet more then my proper life? I cannot tell more how to name you, nor know not what term to find expressing enough in any idiom, that can set forth as it ought such an inconstancie. At least, Madam, let me know the reason that hath caused so long time your pitty to be deaf at my prayers; and after this knowledge, let heaven cut my life by the knife of your cruelty, when it pleases him. This is the smallest favour I may hope of you, seeing I can draw so much from cruelty it self; there is nothing more just then to make known to an offender the cause of his suffering, nor any thing more unjust then to conceal it from him.

If a small cloud can take from our eyes the sight of the sun that is so great, replied *Elise*, it is easie with a small fault to shadow out one of a greater importance. But that God that sees all, and which knows the secrets of hearts, and dives into the dark corners of our reins, that is served with things of smaller appearance to make known the most covered, and which can draw the light of the truth from midst of the thickest obscurities of falshoods; will also be served with my goodness, and the consideration of that love which I have heretofore

tofore born thee, for to give thee means to ſhun a ſhamefull puniſhment, and to withdraw thee quickly from this place, where 'tis wonder that thou canſt have ſo much aſſurance, having committed ſo great a fact; my ſilence and thy retreat will be more ſafe, then my diſcourſe and thy ſtay. I would to God you had not done that which I dare not tell you, becauſe I have not forehead enough to bluſh for the loſs of thine. Content your ſelf, that my honour being tied to your life, not to loſe the one, I will conſerve the other; although the one is as precious to me, as the other is deteſtable.

In all this there was much ſaid, yet nothing of what ſhould have been ſaid: And what is he that would not wonder at theſe delays, and at the length of theſe circumlocutions? For ſince Paſſion is a labyrinth, it is no marvel if it have many turnings. *Androvico* having had ſome feeling of the reports which ran to his diſadvantage upon the death of *Philippin*, doubts it might be about this accuſation; comforts himſelf in the hope to ſee an end of this Mine, that threatned a great deſcent after it had taken wing; being founded on the truth of his innocence. So that for fear to anger this woman, knowing there is nothing more fierce then a Bee when it is moved, which puts her life in the wound ſhe makes, and never ſtings that ſhe reſts not wounded to death, he fains to be ignorant of the end of this her fury, in ſaying to her, That when one endures a pain deſerved, it is made ſo much the more tolerable; that one believes to extinguiſh a ſin, is to ſuffer without deſert; it would be hard, but more inſupportable to ſuffer innocently, and again in being ignorant of the cauſe of his ſufferance. And then kneeling down at the feet of *Eliſe*, with a voice ſomthing higher then before, or then the place where he was, and the preſence of *Sophie*, although not neer, ſeemed to permit him. Madam, ſays he, I will die here, or learn from your mouth what can be the cauſe that puts me into ſo fierce a diſgrace; nor will I ever leave you till you give me this ſatisfaction, to let me know of what death I ſhall die; for I take heaven to witneſs, I find not my ſelf guilty of any thing that may be prejudicial to you. I beſeech you not to give way to calumnies and reports, to the prejudice of my ſincerity.

Eliſe ſurpriſed to ſee him in this eſtate, and before her mother, did not know on what ſide to turn her: wherefore intreating

treating him to riſe, which he refuſed to do, ſhe ſays to him ſoftly, Content yourſelf, that I cannot ſpeak without offending mine honour, and your life: And that in the midſt of the hatred with which I deteſt your vileneſs, I reſerve this ſpark of my antient affection for the conſervation of them both; to which I found my ſelf bound, not ſo much for any good I wiſh you, but for the reſpect I owe my modeſty. Madam, replied the unfortunate *Andronico*, this is not to give me light, but to plunge me into a new obſcurity: I beſeech you diſcover theſe riddles, and not to tell me again in other terms the ſame thing you have already told me; for what can he fear, that doubts not death? but on the contrary, if I loſe your favour, I deſire it to free me of a life which will be more troubleſom then it, being deprived of your love. All that aſtoniſhes me, is your honour, which you ſay is engaged to my conſervation; and in that it may be you have ſaid better then you think: For when the purity of my intentions ſhall be known, the greatneſs of my affections, the ſincerity of my ſoul, and how many dangers I have run to give you proof of my ſervice, and that you have recompenced me with deſpair that will take my life; it will be hard for you to remove this ſtain of ingratitude, which like an eternal infamy will remain on the pureneſs of your underſtanding. If ever it happen, not that I attempt, but only think any thing that might never ſo little prejudice your honour, for the conſervation whereof I'll ſpend a thouſand lives, I deſire that the heavens never pardon me any fault.

May I be rais'd by fortune, or caſt down
By fate, being object of thy ſmile or frown:
Though the diſaſtrous deſtinies ſhould combine
To annihilate and ruine me and mine,
Nought can divorce my affection, or divert
Th'unfain'd devotion of a faithfull heart.

It will be eaſie for me to reſolve to die, after being deprived of that I held dearer then life. What do I ſay? Truly it will be harder to me to reſolve to live, or rather to outlive ſuch a loſs; yet to loſe my life without knowing the cauſe for which I die, this is that I cannot reſolve on, if I do not bury my ſelf with the quality of the maddeſt of all humane creatures.

Where

Wherefore I intreat you to permit me to presse you with all sort of importunity, to declare to me the ground of my condemnation; otherwise I shall believe that the words you have given me, and those promises you have made me, even by writing, as I can easily testifie, proceeded not but from a changeable humour, incident to your sex, and of which I ought to expect nothing but pure inconstancie.

At this *Elise* was touched to the quick, and (as they say) in the ball of the eye: Who cutting off suddenly this long discourse, all inflamed with spight, and red with choler, answers him, VVhat do you upbraid me with my words, and taxe me with promises, to draw me into your crime, and to match with the murderer of my husband! God will not punish my disloyalty, although thy falshood. Go traitor! and the most soiled with infidelity that earth ever bore! Dooest thou in this sort wrong my easie belief and simplicity, to make me guilty, although innocent of the bloody falshood that you wrought in your thoughes? Go crocodile, that weeps before me to devoure me, and to ravish mine honour with my life. It was not on the miseries that I suffered then, that thou contributedst thy tears, but on the ill fortunes thou preparest for me. Oh, I will never trust on the faith and words of any man; or let heaven punish me with all griefs that are to be imagined, if it happen to me again to let my self be cozened.

At these words, uttered in a fashion that testified that the excess of indignation had made her beside herself, *Andronico* knew cleerly the truth of her distaste. Of which much joyfull in himself, because the testimony of his conscience made him unblameable; in stead of excusing this invective with sharp words, being wronged, smiling as it were, and sweetly blotting out this error which seemed pleasing; well, Madam, replied he, if I should have committed this crime of which you accuse me, what had I done but rendred *Philippin* that he would have given me by the attempt of *Valfran*? But I have not so base a courage to give such commissions to others, nor so traiterous to execute them my self. I often desired to see him with his sword in his hand, without other advantage but my courage, and the justice of your cause; but we were hindred in this design by our friends. But when I should have thrown him

him where his misfortune has caſt him, what had I done in it but the office of the divine juſtice, which vanquiſhed by his unworthineſs was forced to extermine him off the face of the earth, where he led ſo infamous and ſhamefull a life. And to you, Madam, what ſervice ſhould I have done you in breaking the bands of your ſlavery, and of the hardeſt tyrannie that was ever proved? But as I do quit the thanks you ſhould owe me, if I had done you that good office; ſo you ought not to accuſe me of a fact I have not committed, but (to confeſs to you ingeniouſly) many times thought. For why ſhould I not deſire the death of him that had conſpired againſt my life? and of him that in poſſeſſing of you, raviſhed me barbarouſly of the deareſt pretenſion I had in the world?

By theſe words *Eliſe* believes aſſuredly *Andronico* had at leaſt cauſed this murder to be committed; which made her thunder in theſe words full of fury and indignation; Ah diſloyal! thou art not contented to confeſs thy fault, but to glory in it too, eſteeming it not only worthy of thanks, but of praiſe; not willing to ſin with imputation, but with reaſon; and for to imbarque me in the veſſel of thy ſhame, and to carry me with thee into the certain ſhipwrack of thy honor, thou wouldſt cover me with thy infamy. But know, cruel, that although *Philippin* was ſevere to me, he never had a ſoul ſo baſe and traiterous as thou. But this ſhall not reſt ſo: for in the place where thou wouldſt offer mine honour to thy paſſion, thy own life ſhall be offered.

She uttered this diſcourſe ſo loud, as ſhe made *Sophie* run to her; for with it ſhe cried out, as if *Andronico* had preſſed her with ſome unjuſt matter. To whom ſhe ſaid, Look you, dear mother, to what you have reduced me by your commandment, to entertain the murderer of my husband! Should you have tormented me ſo much, to make me hearken to this Brutal; who not ſatisfied with the blood of *Philippin*, will alſo by a certain art, as abominable as malicious, raviſh the honour of his poor wife! And judge if I had not reaſon to ſhun with all care this rock ſo dangerous: Not only he confeſſes his crime, but boaſts of it; and what is the end of his vileneſs, but only to intangle innocence in guilt with him? He thinks by the help of a certain Paper which his artificial importunities have torn from my ſimplicity, to make me conſenting to this homi-

homicide: Of which if ever I thought, I desire the justice of heaven nor of men may ever favour me.

If *Sophie* were not amazed hearing this language, I leave it to you to judge. And during the astonishment that seised her, *Andronico* had time to say to *Elise*, Madam, you have many other ways to be rid of my life, if you had but imployed that of your cruelty, without casting also mine honour into the depth of shame, which is unsupportable to me; that is also to break violently the laws of friendship, as barbarously as those of courtesie. But I would have you know, that as I have loved you honourably and vertuously, these two props failing, my love goes to ruine. I honour love when it hath vertue for its principle; but I love honour by a singular preferance it hath before life, and all things. Those that touch mine honour, touch the sight of mine eyes; for that was the only thing I could prefer to your love. But since that love will become ruinous to mine honour, I must protest I hold it for enmity, and mortal enmity; for never any of what quality or condition soever shall attempt on mine honour, whose life I will not take. Pardon me in losing the duty I owe to love, being you are grown bankrupt of fidelity. And truly, if I say that it's false I confessed to be guilty of the murder of *Philippin*, of which I detest the author and the action as much as you can do with all the cunning of your ceremonious mourning; 'tis certainly not for the loss of that man that hated me, but that I have in abomination a murder so detestable. You might have contented you with your falshood, and to have broken your oaths, and the writings of your promises, without seeking this odious pretext by which you conspire the loss of him that hath offered his blood for the sustent of your honour. But as God lives in heaven that reveals the secrets of all hearts, and the seals most dark, I will turn these evils on your own head. And to the end you may know it was love, and not interest which made me seek you as long as I esteemed you vertuous; from henceforth renouncing the words you gave me, and writings I have of yours, I will make it appear in the face of Justice and of all the world, that I am innocent of the crime you would impose on me, and that you are guilty of the most noted perfidie that was ever acted.

With these words *Andronico* goes out, leaving the mother in extreme perplexities; and the daughter in an anger that cannot be conceived but by a woman outraged with the like affront, by a man that had always honoured her with all respects.

The End of the Fourth Book.

ELISE,

ELISE,
OR
Innocencie guilty.

The Fifth Book.

MEan while *Elise* tells her mother, this busines is of that consequence, as she thinks it fit to make it known in the presence of her father. They go to the chamber of *Scevole*; to whom *Elise*, accompanied with *Sophie*, recites all that had passed between her and *Andronico* during the life of *Philippin*, the promises they had made both by word and writing; upon which she lays a strong conjecture, that *Andronico* had murdered her husband, which himself came to avow, but in such doubtfull and covered terms, that although he did not expresly confess the crime, nevertheless it was easie to judge he was consenting: For her self making those promises, she had never thought of other death to *Philippin* then natural, having never had any design against his life by any bloody means, nor poyson. Wherefore she besought her father to help her in the pursuit she intended against *Andronico*, being there was nothing more just for an honest wife, then to seek by justice revenge for the murder of her husband.

Scevole was much surprised to understand all this; and as he was wise and judicious, judged this busines was very doubtfull. He takes his daughter aside, promising her all assistance; but conjured her not to imbark herself in so dangerous a navigation, without a firm biscot of innocence and patience; pray's her to tell him freely, as to her father that

would hide her faults with his cloke, and save her life as by his own, if she had never had any words with *Andronico* against the life of *Philippin*, for that the quarrels they had gave some shadowes thereof? *Elise* assures him that there had never been any; and if she did not find herself entirely exempt of guilt, she would not attempt so dangerous a design.

Upon this *Scevole* made her see her great indiscretion in the promise she had made in writing, during the life of *Philippin*; saying that it was the rock on which *Andronico* had made shipwrack; and although she were innocent in effect, nevertheless the world would esteem her the cause: So that if *Andronico* had kill'd him with the sword, she had kill'd him with the pen, forasmuch as it appeared she had given the cause of the execution. So that one may sing of her that which the most ingenious of Poets engraved on the tomb of the *Elise* of *Carthage*:

By her own hand unfortunate Elize
Expir'd, and fell a fatal sacrifice;
Though there Æneza's rigor did exceed,
And was th'occasion of so dire a deed.

I'll tell you, daughter, it is lawfull for a wife during her marriage to promise to Jesus Christ to take him for husband, if she outlive her husband. It was a councel that the antient *Origen* gives to married women, which make a particular profession to imbrace piety; and 'twas that vow that the jealous *Tertullian* desired so earnestly of his wife. But to promise marriage to another man during the life of her first husband, it is an action not only forbidden by the laws, but which gives an evident conjecture of adultery and murder: And as the concealer and the thief are subject to the same punishment, even so those that in consequence of the like promises give occasion to those that seek them to execute so villanous a deed. Daughter, here is in this more difficulty then you think on; and though your innocence be justified by Justice, your honor will always rest with some flaws in the opinion of men, and especially by those that are jealous to see wealth and dignity in our house, who will esteem that my credit and authority hath rather saved you then your innocence. If you will

take

take my counſel, I would have you hold on the defenſive, without undertaking to accuſe *Andronico*, except you had ſtronger proofs; for God in time will bring to light the truth, not leaving unpuniſhed ſo vile a fault.

To which *Eliſe* replied; But (father) would one have a more evident proof then his own proper confeſſion? I am aſſured that if he were called in queſtion, his conſcience would conſtrain him to flie, and would make guilt appear to the day; for his denial before my mother is a great ſign of accuſation; being there is nothing that one denies with ſo much ardor, as a fault one finds themſelves guilty of, ſeeing there is none will publickly open his own diſhonour: And is it poſſible that the common report hath not made you know there are great ſuſpitions againſt *Andronico*, which will become cleer convictions by the leaſt examination of Juſtice? Daughter, replies *Scevole*, I am of the trade; and you muſt know that that which we think many times the moſt notable, grows ſo doubtfull by the proceedings, that it's like a ſpring cleer where it riſes, but becomes troubled and muddy in its courſe; many times innocence ſuffers for the guilty, and thoſe are loſt that maliciouſly plead to loſe another.

O *Eliſe*, if thou hadſt received theſe paternal words as oracles, thou ſhouldſt not then for thine own feminine wilfulneſs have been precipitated in the miſery whereinto thou goeſt to plunge thy ſelf, in anſwering him thus. Sir, I owe you my life, but I owe my ſelf the conſervation of mine honour. I am a widow, and enjoying my rights; it is not that I would take my ſelf from the ſubmiſſion I owe you, nor draw my ſelf from your obedience; but I humbly beſeech you to permit to my juſt grief, that in revenging the death of my husband, I make lye and give death to this Traitor; who not content to have deprived him of life, would alſo rend mine honour from me. I hope to make it appear that he is only guilty both of his death and my ſurpriſe.

She goes out from her father, and reſolves to accuſe *Andronico*. But the ſon had no ſooner returned the day, but ſhe ſees herſelf prevented by her adverſary in this enterpriſe; for he cited her to appear before the Official Court, to acknowledge her promiſe of marriage, and to bring his own. This citation is told to *Scevole*, who goes quicker to work; for he cauſes *Andronico* to be caſt into the bottom of a priſon, accuſing him

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in the name of *Elise* for the murder of *Philippin*. *Andronico* hath kindred in the Town, as also in the body of the Justice, where *Scevole* holds a principal rank. They go as suddenly to visit him in prison: where he having protested to them his innocence, saying it was an artificial trick of *Elise's* to deny her promise by this false accusation; Look you, says he, how she cuts her throat with her own knife! For if I had done this act, which can never be proved nor found by me, it must be by her perswasions, and by the instigation of her promises. Upon this, the friends of *Andronico* present a request against *Elise*, obtaining of the Justice that she might be in prison to justifie herself of the same crime. *Scevole*, who is confident of the innocence of his daughter, and the strength of his authority, and being just and a man of conscience; although he feels a contradiction in this action that appears not very honorable; nevertheless pressed by *Elise* herself, who runs voluntarily to yield herself prisoner, so much she is encouraged to be revenged of *Andronico*, whose ruine she holds assured, he consents to this imprisonment.

Here are our Lovers enemies in separated places, runing with the bridle on their necks to their loss, by the way of a reciprocal hatred. *Andronico* sees himself accused of a murder he never so much as thought; and pursued by her of whom he hoped the greatest felicities of life: And *Elise* sees herself accused as consenting to this death, by him that she thought certainly had procured it. At last their innocence is eclipsed in the shadow of these dark dungeons, where they learned to their cost, that prisons are like quagmires, which one gets not out of so easily as they slip in. *Andronico* being examined, denies absolutely to have done, or caused this murder. But having to do with so able a person as *Scevole*, who knew so exactly to gather all these particularities that might make him guilty, at last all the world seemed to conjure his death: For all the words, his threats, his quarrels with *Philippin* are examined; his frequenting the house of *Scevole* with *Elise*; this Promise, which she acknowledges to have been forced from her simplicity; shewing reciprocally that of *Andronico's*, which he had forced her to receive, signed with his blood, the presage of his hellish enterprise. And not to make here a proceedure of a process in law; all the circumstances and conjectures of the time of the assassination of *Philippin*, with his

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laſt words at his death, that ſeemed to accuſe *Eliſe* to have made him be killed by the hands of *Andronico*, whom he call'd traitor. All this makes him guilty in that ſort, that the Judges following that which was produced and proved, in the end the opinion of all being changed by the producing of this Promiſe of marriage, went all for death; there reſted nothing but to confront him with *Eliſe*. Now as there are many forms of contrary qualities in a cloud, that produce the thunder that breaks all to powder the places where it falls: Even ſo in this enterview, after a thouſand flaſhes of lightening, ſparkling no more of love, but of hatred that flew from their eyes; the thunder of their words was underſtood, that broke in a thouſand peeces both their reputations and lives. For *Andronico* having heard, that after this confrontation he muſt loſe his head; carried by deſpair, reſolves to draw into his condemnation her that accuſed him with ſo much injuſtice; and turning his antient affection into a mortal hatred, is reſolved to have for company in death, her that he could no more hope for in life.

So that being in preſence one of the other, as *Eliſe* did repreſent to him what he had ſaid to her at her fathers, where it ſeemed he accuſed himſelf in terms obſcure. It is true, anſwered *Andronico*, with a tone furious, and a look on one ſide, that I did deſire the death of *Philippin*, and I have ſought it; and it doth not anger me to have done it, ſo that it were according to the rules of honour that are obſerved amongſt Gentlemen. It diſpleaſes me, that being dead as he is, I am charged to have killed him thus; but if that were, it had not been but by thy perſwaſion, ungratefull *Eliſe!* For who knows not but it was for thee that I had quarrels with him; that it was to deliver thee from tyrannie, that I have expoſed my life to hazards? How often haſt thou ſighed in mine ears the grief of thy ſervitude? and wherefore, but only to enflame mine anger by the pitty of thy diſaſter, and to bring me to this ſhipwrack by thy deceiving ſong, O diſloyal Syrene! My Lords, ſays he to the Judges, full of deſpair; if you find me guilty, behold the cauſe of my evil, ſhewing *Eliſe*; for if I killed, or made *Philippin* be killed, it was this Fury made me do it.

Eliſe finding herſelf innocent, laughs at this accuſation; but the Judges told her there was rather occaſion to weep;

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for the ſtrongeſt proof that was againſt *Andronico*, being founded on the promiſe that he had drawn from her to marry him after the death of *Philippin*, was not the ſame preſumption as great againſt her, that had received from the hands of *Andrinico* a writing of the ſame effect? They find theſe accuſations ſo connext, that they cannot condemn nor abſolve the one without the other. *Eliſe* may weep and proteſt her innocence; *Andronico* hath ſtruck a ſtroke that will bring them both to death. As much as *Scevole* underſtands in this ſcience, he finds himſelf ſwallowed in this buſineſs; his credit nor his authority cannot ſtay this torrent, that will overwhelm the honour of his houſe. His prophecies prove true, to the great grief of *Eliſe*, who repents (although too late) to have preferred the violence of her unjuſt anger before the wholſom counſel of her father.

To end quickly this troubleſom paſſage, ſhe finds herſelf innocent to be condemned as an infamous adultereſs, and as a cruel murderer of her own husband, to loſe her head with *Andronico*, as complice of his diſhoneſty, and murder of *Philippin*. It is a ſoveraign decree, that excepts no appeal; being pronounced in the morning, 'tis executed at night; where theſe unfortunate Lovers ſerve for a tragick ſpectacle to all the Town. *Scevole* not able to drink of the bitterneſs of this chalice, nor ſupport the indignity of this affront, abſents himſelf; his wife *Sophie* took ſuch grief to the heart, as in three days death lays her in her tomb. *Eliſe* abandoned of the world, hath no more recourſe but to heaven. She's now come into the high ſea of grief, where a tempeſt promiſes her an aſſured ſhipwrack. She hears her ſentence, which brought thunder with lightning; and ſtruck with an aſſault ſo little look'd for, and ſo ſuddenly her underſtanding, that ſhe ſwouns with the horror, and thought to have dyed for fear of death. Happy in her pittifull misfortunes, if this death had anticipated her ſhame! Returning from this ſwoun, her face painted with the colours of death, her eyes ſunk and heavy, her lips pale, and with a voice trembling and mingled with a thouſand ſighs, ſhe breathed forth her ſad complaints. Who hath done this impittiable duty, to recall my ſoul into this miſerable body, to make it retire by a ſecond ſeparation more hard and cruel then this firſt, as more ingenious and leſs infamous! Who hath raviſhed the peace I felt in this ſweet

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languiſhing, for to draw me an innocent offering to the war of a ſacrifice as bloody as unjuſt! O *Eliſe*, muſt thou be the ſcandal of thy blood, the diſhonour of anceſtors! What is become of thy pomps, thy greatneſs, and honours? O my dearest *Philippin!* was it not enough that I loſt thee, without ſeeing my ſelf not only accuſed as the cauſe of thy loſs, but condemned as guilty of thy death? Ha cruel *Andronico!* that the honeſt reſpects thou haſt heretofore offered me, are become now hurtfull; and that thy converſation heretofore ſo ſweet, is changed into cruel bitterneſs! O how dearly do I pay the intereſt of my ſimplicity and inconſideration! Ah barbarous, thou knoweſt well the contrary of thy accuſation: But thou waſt not ſatisfied with the life of the husband, if thou doſt not quench thy enraged thirſt with the blood of his wife. Yet if thou hadſt done to me as to my husband, thou mightſt make me loſe my life, without tearing mine honour from me; but thou muſt needs add this to the meaſure of thy inſatiable cruelty. Ah Judges! why can you not ſee into my innocence? One day, but it will be too late, the juſt heavens that ſee the outrage your injuſtice doth to me, breaking the vail of a falſe accuſation, will let you ſee it; and then you will render to my aſhes the honour that you now raviſh from me.

We would purſue further the end of theſe complaints, yet more pittifull then they can be imagined, if we did not fear to beget pitty in theſe dungeons where inflexible cruelty makes its eternal reſidence. The preſence of a *Dominican*, (for the religious of this order, as they are in great eſteem every where, ſo principally in this City where this ſad adventure hapned) tempering by his words the extreme grief of her who complains thus without comfort, brought her in a ſmall time to acknowledge that this diſaſter was not hapned to her without ſome ſecret providence of God, which could not turn but to her greater good; ſo that ſhe did not take that on the left, which ſhould be on the right; nor ſeized not the brand there where it burned moſt. Good Father (quoth ſhe) it is not death that I fear; knowing that is the end of all humane miſeries: On the contrary, I have deſired it heretofore with no leſs impatience againſt the outrages of my ill fortunes; and if the laws of God did not forbid to have recourſe to a voluntary treſpaſs, I ſhould have fled to it as to a ſafe port. But that this death makes me run a double infamy, crimes of which I

am accuſed, although I be exempt both of the one and the other ſtain. This is it that makes my griefs unconſolable, and hinders me to frame in my ſoul a good reſolution. And that which is hardeſt to me, is, that the ſhame of this ſtain reflects on ſo many perſons of quality to whom I have the honour to appertain in this place. For to ſpeak truth, the grief of the death of my body is nothing comparable with this bitterneſs that aſſails at once all my underſtanding.

Madam, replied the religious man, If it be the cauſe that makes the martyr, and not the pain; if you are innocent of that that is impoſed on you, you ought not to fear the loſs of your honour, nor any ſhame; for he that draws light from darkneſs, knows well a time that his providence hath determined to make known your juſtification to thoſe very ſame that have condemned you. The diſciples of an antient Philoſopher grieving to ſee him condemned innocently, Alas my friends, ſaid he, would you have me die guilty! That which you eſteem a high point of deſolation, ought to be according to my judgment the ſtrength of your conſolation. If you but caſt your eyes upon the Example of Chriſtians, the Saviour crucified, is there any thing comparable to Innocence, that defies all the moſt mortal enemies to reprehend it with any fault? And can there be any grief equal to his ſuffering? What his adverſaries had procured to obſcure his glory, proves the height of his greatneſs; and the gibbet of the Croſs before ſo ignominious, is now the moſt precious ornament of crowns and diadems. The judgment of men ſhould not trouble you; it is God that judges you, and them and their judgments too: They are ordinarily falſe in their ballances; but the time will come that the hidden ſecrets of the dark ſhall be revealed, and the thoughts of all hearts manifeſted; and then every one ſhall be praiſed or blamed according as they have truly deſerved. Mean while, Madam, imploy this little time that remains to your life, not in inutile complaints for the cutting off your days, not in proteſting your innocence, nor in exclaiming againſt your ill fortune, not in reprehending the ſincerity of your Judges that have condemned you according to their laws, that make the rule of their conſciences; ſince the Lord, before whoſe tribunal you are going to appear, will that we be at peace and accord with our enemies whilſt we are in the way of this life; otherwiſe he will not be pleaſed with

the ſacrifice you go to offer him of your heart and body. Take heed you harden not your heart to day, when you hear the voice of the heavenly Bridegroom that knocks at your ears by my tongue; for it is written, that thoſe that have their hearts hardned will make an ill end.

This diſcourſe was preferred with ſo much devotion by this good Friar, whom we give the name of *Symphorian*, that the courage of *Eliſe* ſtrengthened on the one part againſt the aſſaults of death and ignominie, was alſo ſweetned on the other towards *Andronico*, ready to pardon him her death, without conſidering that ſhe was more cauſe of the loſs of this Gentlemans life, then he had been of hers. After having diſcharged her conſcience in the ears of this good Father, and proteſted before God and that tribunal of penitence, where it is a fault inexpiable to lye unto the Holy Ghoſt, that ſhe was not any way conſenting to the murder of *Philippus*; yet nevertheleſs adores the will of God, to whom ſhe ſubmitted herſelf with all her heart, as to the rule of all juſtice. She embraces the croſs of him, that would die on the tree diſhonorably for her ſalvation.

The whilſt *Eliſe* is thus diſpoſing herſelf, *Andronico* is brought to the ſame point of reſignation and reconciliation by a venerable Prieſt, whom we will name *Cyrille*, who having ſeen that this Patient drew no other conſolation of his death, but the pleaſure to be revenged of his enemy; after having plucked from his heart this malicious humour, with which if he ſhould have dyed, it had endangered his loſs eternally. Why but, Father, do I ill to rejoyce to ſee that this unworthy *Eliſe* is fallen into the pit ſhe had prepared for me, and that herſelf is brought into the precipice where ſhe had plunged my innocence? To which this worthy Churchman anſwered, That it was the work of a good and true Chriſtian not to render evil for evil, but good for evil; by the example of him that being curſed, curſed not again; but being unjuſtly perſecuted, preſented his cheek to blows, his face to be ſpit on, and his body to the murderers, without making more noiſe then a tender lamb whoſe throat is cut. And that he muſt be more ſparing of the time that was left him to acknowledge his faults. That it was queſtion of a minute, whereon eternity did depend: That it would be leſs judiciouſly done to loſe a Kingdom that hath no end, for a moment of ranſom; that it

was better to swallow this draught of bitterness as a man of courage, and not with cowardly fear; and that it was the greatest of all baseness of the heart, not to pardon an injury; that revenge was the mark of a faint heart, and effeminate; a dangerous ulcer which invenomed his soul, and made him bring forth a mortal canker.

Having now won thus much on the great courage of *Andronico*, to pardon her his death that was the unjust cause of it; it was easie for him to purge this soul: which free, noble and open of his own nature, gives free passage to penitence, which made an operation of a marvellous conversion, a true change unto the right of God. He confesses his sins with great compunction, discovering all his heart with an extreme freedom; adoring the hand of God laid heavy on his head, and humbly kist the rod that chastised him, to the end it might serve him for a rod of direction to bring him to the kingdom of God. This worthy man pressed him hard to award this fault before that tribunal, where falshood is a sacriledge; and not lose himself in the way of *Cain*, that denied the murder of his brother. For as S. *Peter* said to *Ananias*, one may easily deceive men by falshood, but not God.

Yet still he firmly denies to have given any advice, or had any design on the life of *Philippin*. This at first aboard astonish'd *Cyrille*: who carried by the vulgar opinion, and violence of the conjecture, doubts that an attempt so dishoneſt had hardened his heart by a foolish shame. He gives him many examples on this subject. But seeing on the one side his extreme earnestness in the accusation of the rest of his faults, and a strong perseverance in the denial of the same, he began to be perswaded he had not committed it. Having then purged sufficiently his thoughts of his offence by a good absolution, and having made him perform divers acts of contrition, humility, resignation, and of renouncement of the world, and submission to the will of God; of patience, hope, faith and confidence in the goodness and mercies of God; he raises him thus by little and little into the air of divine love. Even as the heat of the fire loosens the flesh from the bones; even so death that heretofore appeared so terrible to him, seems now a sure and pleasing port, where he may enjoy the eternity of peace which passes all understanding.

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When theſe two hearts thus diſpoſed came to meet in the Chappel of the Priſon, whither theſe poor Patients were brought attending the hour of their ſuffering; we muſt not marvel if their antient loves were renewed, being they were not only prepared for pardon, but alſo to charity, which is no other thing but the ſame dilection all cordial and ſincere. The Confeſſors, after they had reconciled them to God, reconciled them one unto the other with great facility. For as the iron flies unto the loadſtone as ſoon as the garlick is removed; the preſence of the diamond is taken away, that gives it liberty to carry it ſelf to that ſtraw that draws it to it: Even ſo thoſe ſouls being delivered of the ſtinking garlick of hatred, and the hard diamond of obſtination, were eaſily drawn to theſe acts of humility; that without the aſſiſtance of grace, one might rather deſire, then have hoped this condeſcenſion; and to ſee their tears mingled, whoſe blood muſt ſhortly be mingled upon a ſhamefull ſcaffold. Here *Eliſe* confeſſed aloud, that ſhe had no other proof againſt *Andronico* for the death of *Philippin*, but the common report, and conjecture that the promiſe ſhe had given in writing had brought him to that attempt to enjoy her in marriage. There *Andronico* profeſſed openly, that as he had never ſo much as thought of that murder, nor had ever been incited to it by *Eliſe*; but only his deſpair had forced him to avouch this crime, ſeeing he could not ſhun his puniſhment: ſo by the ſame deſpair he had accuſed *Eliſe* to be guilty, to make her periſh for his revenge.

Some of the beholders eſteemed theſe excuſes as fained, as they were moſt true. And the Judges, thoſe inflexible Radamanthes, mocked at theſe denials out of ſeaſon: The irrevocable ſentence is pronounced by their mouths; they have given it according to their conſciences, and conformable to the law: Their ears are ſo accuſtomed to hear theſe excuſes of offenders, that they are to them as unneceſſary ſongs; for it is the cuſtom of men to ſay they are innocent, conſidering only their witneſſes, not their own conſciences. They imagine that this miſerable pair being reſolved to loſe their lives, intended to preſerve ſome vain ſhadow of honour, in ſaying they were innocent of ſo odious a crime; but that being on the ſcaffold at the laſt hour of their death, which is the rack of racks, they would then declare all to the diſcharge of thoſe that had judged and condemned them.

I will not here present the griefs of these two spirits, being I think they cannot be comprehended, nor express their complaints; seeing their innocence was made guilty more by their inconsideration, then by their malice: Nor can describe their displeasure, finding they were cause of one anothers loss. You may judge that their griefs, their complaints and displeasures were as pitifull, as their affections were now sincere; for in these extremities there is no more dissimulation, no faining nor art, and less colour; it is no more but a plain simplicity. *Elise* desires many times to take her last farewell of her parents: But having heard that the news of her condemnation had caused her father to retire into the Country, not being able to support the sight of so tragick a fortune, of which there was no remedy; And that the grief of this had given such an assault to the heart of *Sophie* her mother, that she was in bed sick unto death; she obtains permission to write to them, to make known unto them in these last words the feeling she had of their sorrows, which was more incomparably then what she had of her own.

SIR,

'I Complain not to see my self abandoned by you in an in-'stant, where the only hope consists in not expecting any. 'I not only approve your retreat, but should have counselled 'it, if my advice had been demanded; since that the vail of 'absence is altogether necessary to a Father, that knows his 'daughter is sacrificed innocently. I say innocently, Sir; and 'in this word I beseech you to take part of the only consolati-'on that accompanies me in the loss of my life. It is now 'time to speak truth, or never; seeing I am going before the 'tribunal of him that will condemn all those that prefer fals-'hood before truth, and who will not acknowledge for legi-'timate children those that do not fix their eys upon the light 'of truth. God, under whose providence run all the moments 'of this mortal life, permitting that at this present my inno-'cence shall appear guilty, yet will make known in another 'season this imaginary guilt to be apparently innocent. And 'I conjure you by the agonies of my death, to prolong your 'life untill that happy time; by which the honour of your 'house that appears now to suffer some stain, shall flourish 'more then ever.

'I muſt confeſs, that after the death of my husband, from 'whence all my calamities have drawn their original, nothing 'hath ſo much afflicted me as the pain I have ſeen you ſuffer 'for my occaſion. For ſince death had made me widow of the 'moſt noble Allianee I could have hoped for in the world, 'I intended to have died to the world, and to all the pomps 'thereof, and to have confin'd my ſelf to a Cloiſter, there to 'have ended my dayes. But ſince it hath pleaſed the divine 'wiſdom to diſpoſe otherwiſe, be it that I live, or die, ſo I 'appertain to him for ever, I paſs not; be it for ignominie or 'for reputation, ſo I attain unto the celeſtial glory, it is in-'different to me. I believe now that *Andronico* is innocent 'of the crime which I accuſed him of, more by ſuſpition then 'any firm ground I had; and it may be God permitted I 'ſhould be wrapped in the ſame condemnation, to puniſh my 'diſloyalty, that broke the right of a friendſhip as holy as it 'was vertuous; for I deſire not heaven to pardon me, if ever 'there paſſed between us other but that was worthy and ho-'neſt; or if in the writing that my facility drew from my 'hand, I ever thought to prejudice *Philippin* in his honour or 'life. The ſecret judgments of God are marvellous, which 'founds the depths of all ſecrets, and by the greatneſs and 'majeſty of him you will know in the end how the murder 'was done; for God is too juſt to let this deed go unpuniſhed. 'For my ſelf, I repent me to have accuſed *Andronico*, of whom 'I beſeech you to love the memory as mine own, and not to 'bear any hatred againſt his parents: I am as much and more 'cauſe of his death, then he of mine. We have demanded par-'don one of the other, and pray all the world to pardon us: 'We remit our honour, as our lives, into the hands of God; 'ſacrificing both to his greateſt glory. I beſeech you, Sir, to 'implore his *miſericordia* on our ſouls by your prayers; and 'to take care of little *Daliana*, ſince blood and nature re-'quire it of your fatherly goodneſs. Farewel my dear Father! 'Oh refuſe not your holy benediction to this miſerable crea-'ture that demands it at the laſt minute of her death, being ſhe 'is innocent of the cauſe of her condemnation, which for the 'love of God ſhe goes freely to ſuffer.

With

With the ſame hand and heart ſhe drew theſe other lines for *Sophie*.

MADAM,

'MUſt my deplorable misfortunes bring death into the 'breaſt of her that gave me life! Muſt *I*, like a Viper, 'open the boſom of her that gave me my being! And muſt 'fortune, inſatiable of my miſeries, direct the ſtroke of my 'treſpaſſes on the body of her, that is as innocent of my faults, 'as *I* am of that which cauſes my death by a ſecret judgment 'of God, which *I* adore, although ignorant of. Madam, 'the ſharp cutting ſword that is to ſever my head from my 'body, and my body from my ſoul, will not be ſo ſenſible to 'me, as the feeling of the grief that hath laid you in your bed 'for the ſorrow of my loſs and ſhame: The compaſſion *I* have 'of your heart, is more incomparably grievous then the pains 'I am to ſuffer. If *I* might die often, to deliver you from the 'torments and pains wherein your own goodneſs throws you; 'if *I* ſhould meaſure the grief you have to loſe me, by the 'dear affections you have alwais ſhewed me, *I* ſee nothing ſo 'extreme as your unconſolable diſpleaſures. For knowing 'how tenderly you have brought up this wretched creature, 'and how highly you eſteem your honour, *I* know not how 'to expreſs nor conceive with what air you can ſupport the 'loſs of both.

'Juſt Heaven! which permitteſt crimes, and hindreſt them: 'if thou ſuffereſt that *I* die without being able to juſtifie my 'ſelf of theſe two falſe infamies, Adultery, and cruel murder 'of my husband; at leaſt yet, Thou that declareſt things that 'are moſt dark! make for the conſolation of my dear mother, 'that from the midſt of my aſhes may ariſe the light of my 'innocence; without ſuffering that truth ſhould not only 'be detained priſoner by injuſtice, but alſo ſtifled with 'falſhood.

'Madam, *I* deſire not you ſhould take pitty of my ſuffer-'ing; but to caſt your eys on my innocence. *I* have no other 'juſtification then my proteſtations; which *I* make in a 'point, where falſhood trains after it an eternal ruine. You 'will not be ſo cruel and ſevere to me, as my Judges: And 'although an Adultereſs and a Murderer cannot be purged 'by oaths, yet *I* think you have had ſo long knowledge of

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'my ſoul by my carriage, to believe me in this truth which *I* 'profeſs with a dying voice: I die innocent of the crime that 'is impoſed on me, as God ſhall love and ſave me. Live, 'Madam, even till that day that he makes it appear in evidence 'from the midſt of the clouds that hinder this clearneſs. I 'have no more to add, but to demand your motherly bleſſing; 'which *I* ask with joyned hands for the laſt favour from you; 'and ask it by your intrails that bore me, and by the mercies 'of that good God in whom *I* put all my hopes. Farewell 'my deareſt Mother! And remember in your prayers this 'poor *Eliſe*, that will have no period to her treſpaſs of more 'ſweet imagination then the memory of *Sophie*, as of the beſt 'mother in the world.

Time with an inſenſible courſe advanced with great paces the hour of execution of this *Innocencie guilty*. Our Lovers are brought to the place with as much joy and gladneſs, as if it had been to their wedding. When they appeared on the bloody Theatre, they were beheld with many eyes, yet very different: For many had compaſſion of their miſeries, by a natural feeling that touches the hardeſt hearts; Others had them in horror, not ſo much for their faults, (for to ſin is a thing humane) but becauſe they publiſhed ſo loud their innocence, this diſpleaſed them, like Bats to whom light is unpleaſing. Strange quality of confeſſion, that makes the innocent guilty! The reſiſtance that our Patients made in not avowing that which truly they had not committed, made them odious in the eyes of the malicious world, that eſteemed them ſo much the more guilty. Neither their youth, quality, blood, freedom and courage, nor the other teſtimonies of piety that they ſhewed in this action, was capable to draw any ſorrow from the ſpectators; but all gave bleſſings on the Juſtice that purged the world of ſuch plagues. The Confeſſors imploy their utmoſt endeavours to draw this thorn from their hearts, by their mouths; and uſed the moſt preſſing and earneſt reaſons they could from divine inſpiration. But how could that come from their mouths, that was not entred into their thoughts? They died praiſing God, that was pleaſed to draw them to him by ſo rough and hard a way. The whilſt the world enemy to heaven, and father of raſh judgments, curſes them, God bleſſes them in giving them an invincible courage,

and fearleſs in this inevitable danger. *Eliſe* pardons all the world; and asking a thouſand pardons of *Andronico* as cauſe of his ſuffering, her head flew off in uttering theſe words, *Jeſus be with me, Lord Jeſus!* And *Andronico* incontinently after, with theſe words that his Confeſſor put in his mouth, *My God, I remit my ſpirit into thy hand.*

The opinions upon this Execution were very different: The Judges themſelves, whilſt the world praiſed their equity, were not well ſatisfied in their ſouls, although their hearts felt nothing. So much force hath truth, that thoſe that ſee it not, are nevertheleſs conſtrained by a ſecret vertue to have a feeling of it. But as the Seed-corn thrown into the earth, that one would think ſhould rot, is nouriſhed, & taking root raiſes his head loaden and crowned with fruit out of the earth; even ſo this innocence for ſome time hidden and loſt by death, having gotten the victory by ſuffering, ſhall appear like a Palm ſo much the more ſtrait and high, by how much it had been overcharged; it will come from the midſt of hot burning coals, as pure as gold from a fornace.

But *Sophie*, in ſtead of being comforted by the Letter of her daughter, finds herſelf ſo full of grief, that not being able to ſupport the greatneſs of her ſorrow, ſhe was conſtrained to yield to her tomb that which all fleſh owes it: which ſhe did three days after the death of her daughter; for to outlive ſuch a diſgrace, was a thing impoſſible to her. *Scevole* being in the Country, aſſailed with this new grief for the death of his wife, experimented the proverb that ſays, One misfortune goes always accompanied with another. The Town begins to be odious to him as a priſon, or rather the ſepulchre of his honour and glory. This ſolitude appears a paradiſe to him of ſweet repoſe; How late (ſaid he) have I known thee! The ſweetneſs of this tranquile life begins to flatter his thoughts, and to reſolve him to quit the inſeparable unquietneſs of affairs and buſineſſes; which are ſo annexed to great dignities, that it is not without reaſon they are called Charges; under which lies many times the rack, and makes the ſtrongeſt judgments ſuffer. He will deliver himſelf from the torment of Ambition, and make himſelf inviſible to the eyes of Envy, that doth nothing but murmur at his great wealth. And what ſhall he do in a place where all preſent him with the infamie of his houſe by the death of his daughter, and its deſolation by the

loſs

loss of his wife? He goes meditating of the Country-solitude of the antient Courtier called *Simlis*; who of an hundred years of life having passed four in the Country, made it to be written on his comb, That he had lived but that time happily that he had been delivered from the troubles of Court.

The Muses came to receive *Scevole*, and to sweeten this solitary residence. Study is all his entertainment: Those Verses that *Sorvater* loved even to his death, recreate him, and much please him to recite thus.

Scevole, thou must shortly have to Stage
Of humane frailty, since increaching Age
Insensibly appears t'eclipse thy light,
And misque thy day up in eternal night.
Hast thou not seen on this vast Seav'th' world,
How Life's a poor Barque tempest-toss'd and hurl'd?
O guide her steddy then, if thou wouldst steere
By Joy's true Compass, and cast anchor here.
Frail is the blisse of Fortune, which still stands
On slippery hills, like houses built on sands;
Their heighth procures their greater ruine; tall
And towring Cedars have the sadder fall.
Great Fortunes are no safe; proud Palaces find
A dangerous fate; and the loud blustring wind
Confounds high hills, whilst vallies safely stand
Free from the fury both of sea and land.
Most blest is he that can blot out the story
And short-hand character of all humane glory:
That can retire from the tumultuous crowd
Of business, and in a calm air unclowd
His earth-ecclipsed mind, and thence dispose
His soul to th' solace of a sweet Repose.
He like to some Recluse will strive to bless
His soul with silence of an home-recess,
Having too long a follower been of those
Vain empty Gusts, which so discompose
And mock our sense to which they appear, like Apes
Drest and disguised in their antick shapes.
What Plot art Envy-proof? which undermines
The low'st foundation of the high'st designes:

And as the smoke, so flies Earths proudest Power.
The hottest Sun shine's subject to a shower;
And those fair Springs the Gardners hopes confute,
Which pay him blossoms, where they promis'd fruit.
Sweet Innocence! which from the least degree
Of popular greatness is secure and free.
Vales, Rivers, Rocks, with the blest shades appear,
And whisper solitude in my slumbring ear.
You that have seen my Affliction, come and raise
Your selves as witness of my better dayes.

Whilst *Scevola* goes tempering his afflictions by these sweet entertainments, and conforming himself to the examples of so many great and grave Personages that crowned a fair course of life by a sweet and happy retreat; seeing the Emperors, *Diocletian* among the Pagans, and *Charls* the Fifth among the Christians, retired and did prefer a Rustick life to their Crowns and Kingdoms; and so many more of all sorts of eminent qualities had followed this happy trace, as much for that they were out of all necessity, as not to commit any thing willingly, in an age so advanced as his; He pretends to leave his Office, although he was sollicited from divers places. Happy in leaving this trouble, if he had with full sails arrived at the the Port of peace now met withall, in saying with an Antient,

Fortune, adieu! All worldly hopes surcease,
I'm anchor'd now i'th' harbour of true Peace.

But it will take him at the Mariners, that are accustomed with the tossing of the sea and breaking of the waves, and to long navigations; yet in horrible tempests they commend the firmness of the earth, and tranquillity of the port; but no sooner arrived, but it is tedious to them to stay in this place of assurance. The whilst he thus goes temporising, he was called to end his days in troublesom affairs, as you shall hear.

After that *Elise* and *Andronico*, more unfortunate then malicious, had been punished for a fault they had not committed, as the Psalmist say's,

Paying with great extortion and rack-use,
What they ne'r truly borrowed with abuse.

Pyrrhe and *Herman* esteemed that the death of these innocents would be a satisfaction, and covering to their fault; lived, though not with interior assurance, (for an ill conscience serves for a Judg and Hangman to it self) yet at least with an exterior safety that promised them an apparent nonpunishment: For they were not only exempt of the accusation of this matter, but also of suspition to have attempted any thing against *Philippin*. *Pyrrhe* repairs in part his honour by the ill usage wherewith he treated the miserable *Isabel*, making it appear by it that her ill life had been extremely unpleasing to to him.

And this Maid being fallen from this high fate of prosperity where she had seen herself in the company of *Philippin*, and now reduced to a prison, in which besides the deprivation of liberty she experimented excessive cruelty; not knowing where to find more patience to sustain the force of so cruel a persecution: I will not fill these leaves with the multitude of her complaints with which she filled her dark cabbin, that less deaf to her complaints then the ears of her father, seemed to suffer at her pains by its eccho and sound. And I believe if *Pyrrhe* had heard them, he must have been of marble, or have had pitty to have produced in the world a creature so miserably unfortunate. But not content to stop his ears at her dolorous griefs, and to the protestations she made to live better hereafter, and to give him as much cause to love her in her repentance, as she had given him to hate her for her dissolute life. Nor would he that his eyes should see the pittifull estate she was reduced to, for fear to have had some compassion on her.

An hundred times he had murdered her with his own hands, if nature had not strongly resisted against such a crime, and if the force of blood had not withstood so bloody a design. But he believed that this perpetual imprisonment, and

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the barbarous usage he exercised on this miserable Captive, would in a short time deliver him of her, whose life was as odious, as her death desired. And it may be God, who hates hearts that are hardned and unpittifull, already displeased with the murder of *Philippin*, throws on the heads of *Pyrrhe* and *Herman* a judgment without mercy, because they had been without mercy. Although the Israelites among the Egyptians committed great sins, and were carried to detestable idolatry, for which the yoke of a cruel slavery fell on their heads; yet in the midst of their wickedness calling on the mercy of God, his eternal goodness hears their cryes, and hasted to their deliverance. *Achab* and *Manasse* were evil Princes; but their prayers drawn from their hearts by the strength of their tribulations, made incontinently their peace with God, which inclined their aid.

It is true, that *Isabel* cannot be excused in having stain'd the honour of her family by her ill carriage: But it may be that being converted to God in midst of her sighs, he heard favorably her complaints, and resolved to pluck her from this chain; to the end that being delivered from the hands of this tyrant, she might give herself to his service in the quality of a Nun, to serve in holiness and justice at the foot of his Altars even to the last hour of her life. Now I desire that we should remark, admire, and adore this divine Conductor, who brings her to this end by marvellous turnings, and sweetness incomparable.

We have seen in the course of this history, how *Herman* was induced by *Pyrrhe* to the murder of *Philippin*, and how he was assisted by *Reboald*, an antient servant of their house, in this homicide; and it was by this *Reboald*, that love made traitor to himself, that this crime is discovered, which forgetfulness seemed to have wrapped up in a perpetual silence. But how enters love into this heart? it was by the gate of pitty; false gate, that deceivest ordinarily the most wise! *Pyrrhe* discharges on him the keeping of *Isabel*; O it is an ill charge for a man, a fair Maid! Yet in the beginning he executes with fidelity the commandment of his master, which was, To shut her up straitly, to feed her poorly; in brief, to exercise on her all kind of cruelties. But in the end the water of the tears of *Isabel* pursue this heart of stone; and the Lover with the

beauties

beauties of her face draws this breast of iron to a yielding condeſcenſion. Such ſtrength hath a pleaſing form, of which all the force is in the ſweetneſs, but as much loved as it is pleaſing. Beauty hath an aſcendant power, and invitable on the fierceſt courages; the moſt cruel Tygres may be tamed and made familiar by an amirable converſation.

Iſabel, in the beginning of her impriſonment, by a high and arrogant humour, contributed much to the ill uſage that *Roboald* made her feel: For there is nothing more odious and leſs inſupportable to God and men, then pride and cruelty.

But when experience, Miſtreſs of the leaſt adviſed, had taught her, that as a bird taken in a ſnare, the more it ſtrives, the more it faſtens the knot; and the more ſhe deſired to be free, the ſtricter ſhe was kept; and that her deſpite drew on her a more ſevere puniſhment; ſhe begins to change her battery, and to ſpin fine, and to ſow the skin of the Fox to that of the Lyon. Her vain threats had ſerved her to nothing; it may be her ſmiles, and the charms of her converſation would get her more advantage. Of an angry and diſdainfull, ſhe becomes plaintiff, and a ſuppliant: So that changing the faſhion of her carriage, ſhe makes tender by little and little this ſavage courage, that begins to uſe her with more ſweetneſs, from that to hearken to her, then to behold her. At laſt, as a Man that cannot be always a Wolf to another Man, but hath a ſecret advocate in his humanity that perſwades him to mildneſs, lets himſelf be taken by the ears, and ſees his heart raviſhed by the eyes.

For both pitty and beauty gave ſuch aſſaults into the thoughts of *Roboald*, that forgetting the faith he had ſworne to his Maſter, he eſteems it would be impiety to obey him any longer in ſo ſavage and unnatural a commiſſion, to the prejudice of ſo many graces that appeared in the face of this fair Priſoner. And certainly the advantages that affections of Love have of thoſe of Friendſhip, are ſuch, that thoſe that are touched with the one make more difficulty to prejudice the other; even till their faults ſeem not only pardonable, but commendable, and rather worthy of glory then of blame.

Roboald

Reboald flatters himself with these vain hopes, and resolves to oblige this Maiden to love him by all kind of good offices; and to deceive in that the intention of his Master, that had put her into his keeping, but to use her with all hardness and cruelty.

The End of the Fifth Book.

ELISE,

ELISE,

OR

Innocencie guilty.

The Sixth Book.

ALready the cunning *Isabel* feels some sweet liberty that she hath gotten in ties of this new slave, and that her beauty hath penetrated his eyes. Upon this foundation she builds her hopes (and not without reason) of effecting her deliverance. She is cunning in the art of this Passion that inchants men, and makes them supple to the wiles of those they love. She blots out the marks of despair setled in her face, and her fresh colour returns with joy; she hides her strong griefs in the smoothness of her forehead.

Why do I defer to tell you that *Rubald* is taken by his prisoner, that he is Captive to his Captive? (falsifying the proverb) He finds nothing so fair nor pleasing as his prison. He that heretofore beheld her with an envious eye, beholding her now with pitty, begins to take part of her pains; and approving the complaints she made of the cruelty of her father, he repented to have been the executor. If she intreat him to be a means to make her peace with her father, or for some comfort in this her cruel usage, he promises it, but suddenly recants; for, says he, if he perceive that I lend an ear to your prayers, he will suspect me, and think that I plot your liberty; and taking you from my keeping, it may be will put you into their hands that will be more rigorous to you. And this was, because being pricked by the interest of his passion, he feared

that the deliverance of this Maid ſhould take away the empire he had of her body, although ſhe had a far greater on his heart. Nevertheleſs to give her ſome teſtimony of his good will, he makes her hope her delivery on what price ſoever, though with the loſs of his life.

Already crafty *Iſabel* knew by the ſighs and eyes of this new Lover, that he was in the toils ſhe had pitched for him; he hath no pleaſure but in her converſation, nor no contentment but when ſhe ſpeaks to him. But he ſpeaks not to her of love, nor of any thing near it; for he knew the high courage of this Dame, that beheld him always as a ſervant; and as ſubject as ſhe was to his government, uſed him nevertheleſs as an imperious Miſtreſs: beſides, to caſt his eyes on the daughter of his Maſter, he cannot but expect puniſhment for ſo inſolent an attempt; and a diſgrace that will bring his fortune into a ruine irrepairable.

Iſabel, that knew by this change of his face, and the variety of his diſcourſe, the troubles of his heart and confuſions of his thoughts; although ſhe had in horror this preſumption, and hated the authority of this Jailer, (for it is natural to hate thoſe that tyranniſe over our liberty) yet her cunning made her ſeem ignorant of that ſhe was clearly certain of; and although ſhe lightens love in this heart, ſhe fains to ſee nothing but pitty: And demanding of him if he grieved not to ſee her reduced to ſo pittifull an eſtate? I would to God, Madam, (quoth he) that One had as much pitty of my paſſion, as I have of compaſſion!

It was enough ſaid to an underſtanding ſo quick as that of *Iſabels*. Who knowing the greatneſs of this flame, and heat of this ſpark, and as much inflamed with deſpight to ſee how high the inſolence of this Fellow was mounted, and being troubled that he had given too evident a teſtimony of his love; ſhe mocks at this diſcourſe by a ſubtile quickneſs: How now (ſaid ſhe) *Roboald!* you are then taken with this furious paſſion that hath cauſed me ſo many misfortunes? Truly I will from henceforth promiſe not only ſome comfort in my miſeries, but alſo ſome excuſe for my errors, if you are touched with this ſickneſs that made me run ſo fooliſhly after the juſt promiſes of marriage, which only the death of *Philippin* hath annulled. For beſides the natural inclination I had to love him, his carriage being accompanied with ſo many

graces,

graces, augmented by ſo long converſation that made ſo pleaſing his lawfull ſeeking me in marriage; what Maid had not been conquered by ſo many charms of greatnes and good faſhion, accompanied with an intended wedding? I am aſtoniſhed that my Father allows not ſomthing to the weakneſs of my ſex, and the ſtrength of my affection; ſeeing that in the beginning of this young Lords ſeeking me, he permitted me to love him, and to receive his ſervice; it was himſelf that brought me into the folds, from whence after it was not in my power to return my ſelf.

Roboald approving theſe excuſes, accuſes afterwards the unreaſonable cruelty of his Maſter; and finding himſelf taken by the beak, without denial that he loved her, he tries to hide at leaſt the cauſe of his flame, although he had unwiſely diſcovered the effect. This was to throw a little water on a great fire; and in flying, to make himſelf be followed; and to ſtir the curioſity of this Maid, by the proteſtation that he made to die, rather then to diſcover the object that held him in a trance. Crafty *Iſabel*, that had had leiſure enough in her priſon to conſult with her glaſs, to learn in this faithfull glaſs the force the fire of her eyes had; being much pleaſed to torment this Jailer, and to make his fire ſo much the more ſcorching, as it was covered with the aſhes of ſilence and modeſty; this proud Captive intended to melt the wings of this new *Icarus*, hiding under a fained apparence of ſweetneſs a deſpiteſull diſdain, armed with indignation not to be matched againſt the inſolence of this fellow, that had dared to raiſe his eyes to her, prepares in deceiving him to draw herſelf out of priſon and ſlavery, and to leave him covered with ſcorn and ſhame. At one time her fierce and high heart was combated with two paſſions very different, of love and liberty, and of hatred to him that ſhould be the author: For it ſeems that the ſuccour ſhe thought to receive of this man to get out of this miſery, would be a kind of obligation to love him; and on the other ſide, ſhe could not endure to let her thoughts fix on a ſervile object. She loves almoſt as much to remain a ſlave of body, and free of this obligation, as to ſee herſelf at liberty, and tyed by the bonds of duty to a man ſhe hated in her very ſoul. So that if ſhe could have found any other means to draw her from miſery, ſhe would certainly have paſſed it, rather then to make herſelf beholding to *Roboald*. But neceſſity (that

ſavage and cruel miſtreſs) made her reſolve, after having conſulted ſome time in herſelf, to take this occaſion by the lock, reſerving after the recovering of her liberty the puniſhment of this madneſs, even with the ſword, if there were occaſion, and to purge him by this means of his error and folly. And as ſhe was practiſed in the arts of love, knowing well how to counterfeit the perſon of a Maid that is eaſie to be won; *Roboald* imagines he may win her heart, and make himſelf (as well as *Philippin*) poſſeſſor of her body. He flatters her and ſpeaks of love, but in ſuch generall terms, that he left always place to ſome exception, and made as if he ſighed for an object abſent; but ſhe ſees well that it was her preſence that drew theſe ſighs from his breaſt.

Here are two cunning Gameſters that play who ſhall be cozened. *Roboald* proteſts he would not entertain her with ſo ill diſcourſe as that of his affections, if they were not ſincere and legitimate: But it being the greateſt comfort one can have in their ſorrows, to communicate them to a faithfull friend; and he thinking ſhe had felt for *Philippin* all the ſtings that this paſſion is accuſtomed to incite in their hearts that receive it.

Thy counſel can aſſwage my ſwelling grief,
And to my ſufferings give me ſome relief.

It is true, replied *Iſabel*, that I might give ſome ſort of remedy to your wound, if I knew the particularities: but there is nothing more needfull to a ſingular evil, then general remedy; for according to the circumſtances, it changes ordinarily the face of the buſineſs. *Roboald* beſought her to excuſe him that he could not declare to her the cauſe of his unquietneſs, for fear to be held too preſumptuous; that would would plunge him rather into deſpair, then any way bring him conſolation, eſteeming it leſs worthy of healing then of blame.

Iſabel, whoſe eyes were ſo piercing as they ſaw into his darkeſt thoughts, and into this breaſt covered with the cloud of diſſimulation, excuſed herſelf alſo to give remedy to an evil ſhe was ignorant of; and complains on the other ſide, of the ſmall confidence *Roboald* had in her; draws him inſenſibly to diſcover his deſign: juſt as when the birds are in love,

it is then they are taken with more eaſe; for by the different notes they warble to one another, they make themſelves fall into the nets and pits, finding the end of their lives where they thought to meet and enjoy their pleaſures; it will take *Roboald* even ſo, who by an undiſcreet love goes to twiſt a cord to ſtrangle himſelf. It is not without reaſon that the Antients have painted Love naked, by reaſon it can conceal no ſecret from the thing beloved. Who knows not how the perfidie of *Dalilah*, by the ſweet violence of love, drew out the ſecret of the ſtrength of generous *Sampſon*, whom ſhe brought afterwards to his fall and ruine? You will underſtand in this hiſtory ſomthing like that; for *Roboald*, in imitation of *Sampſon*, after having given ſome fained excuſes to *Iſabel*, deſiring to make her believe that he loved the daughter of a Gentleman, a neighbour there by, without daring by any demonſtration to make ſhew of his thoughts, reſolves rather to die an obſcure death, then to make known a deſign ſo preſumptuous. *Iſabel* that ſaw well that her fained neighbour was meant by herſelf, hiding a profound fury in the depth of her ſoul, comforted *Roboald* the beſt ſhe could; as thus, That being all-inflamed for an object of merit, he ſhould not be aſtoniſhed if it riſe high; that it was a mark of the goodneſs of his courage, in which he was more commendable for generoſity, then blameable for preſumption; and that although he were not born a Gentleman, it was a title that rather depended on fortune then deſert, and that he was not the firſt of mean birth that had dared to ſet his affections on a Gentlewoman; that true nobility was in valour, and in that he would not yield to whatſoever Gentleman; and that ſhe knew well that there was not any buſineſs in which he would not be led by *Pyrrhe* with as much affection as *Herman* himſelf would be, for the antient ſervants in a houſe held the quality of children: That the inequality of conditions ſhould not diſparage him; that ſince ſhe had dared to lift her thoughts even to *Philippin* that was her Lord to whom ſhe ought homage, he might well raiſe his to a Gentlewoman; and that a faithful Lover ought to promiſe himſelf all things happy, ſince hope was the wings of love, and that love equalized Lovers; that Kings loving their ſubjects, have ſubmitted their ſcepters to their affections; that according to her judgment, there was not a more eminent greatneſs in love, then love it ſelf; and the greateſt amongſt

Lovers

Lovers, he that loves most. Imagine if this discourse cast not oil into the fire of *Roboald*, in a Country where Coblers make themselves Gentlemen, and the Gentlemen Princes, by an humour that Nation hath. But when she added, that if she knew that Gentlewoman, and had but liberty to speak to her, there was no sort of good offices she would not do for *Roboald* to favour his design; honoring his passion in another subject whereby she would esteem herself honored. It was now that this saucy Jailer touched the stars with his forehead, promising to his presumption all that he had heretofore desired rather hoped. Methinks I see the picture of the feeling of this soul swelled with vanity of his own desires, well represented in the the rich Verses of one of the Mistresses of the Muses of our *France*.

Knowing my flame is aiery and divine,
I can love nothing but what Gods incline:
With courage I'll pursue my enterprise;
And if I fall, from heaven shall be my rise.

No more on Earth shall flourish my desires,
I higher will enhance my love and fires;
I'll Eagle-like rather by thunder die,
Then from some Cur receive my destinie.

While I do soar so high, no rocks I fear,
Nothing shall make me cowardly retire:
That for a bridle *which doth serve to some,*
Shall unto me a golden spur *become.*

I love my aim, although by Fortune crost;
The harder is the task, the more I'll boast.
Things easie to obtain, have small desert;
Honours on hard designs use to revert.

Although this man had presumption enough to dare to love a person more high then his duty could permit him, yet the same love that gave him courage to fix his affections so eminently for his condition, took from him the daring to discover it, retained by that respectful fear that ordinarily accompanies this passion; fear that proceeds of the apprehen-

sion

ſion of deſpairing of the object beloved. He ſeeks in the corners of his fancie ſome artificial invention, to tell her that he durſt not utter, and to make her underſtand that he durſt not ſpeak.

But the more he troubles himſelf to meet with it, the leſs he finds it; the confuſion of his thoughts being a Labyrinth from whence he cannot get out: His deſire is like quickſilver, the more he preſſes, the leſs it is kept; the more he would gather, the more it diſperſes it ſelf. All know the combat of the Wind and the Sun, who ſhould deſpoil man; at laſt the ſweet rays of the Sun did that the bluſtring blaſts of the other could not. The more *Iſabel* importunes *Roboald* to diſcover his affection with confidence, the more he hides it, and the more he enters into diſtruſts: yet when ſhe preſſes him leaſt, he burns with impatience to manifeſt it to her, not being able to die of a ſilent grief, being ſo neer his remedy. Love, whoſe attempts are not ſo hard, but as quick as thoſe of neceſſity, ſubtiliſied his ſpirit, and gave divers means to make known to this Damoſel that which ſhe knew but too well already, but fains to be ignorant of by an artificious countermine.

It is reaſon that Verſes, ſymbols of this paſſion that touches the heart, and Poeſie, daughter of this affection, come to the relief of *Roboald*. He is acquainted with a Rimer that would furniſh him with Madrigals; which he lets often fall as by negligence, but with deſign, in the chamber of this priſoner. She reads them, and laughs; and to let him burn in a little fire, and take her vengeance in this love by a new induſtry, ſhe makes no ſhew to underſtand theſe Enigma's, nor did they ſay any thing in particular. Such is the folly of this childiſh paſſion, which is not fed but with follies, nor imployed but in thoughts as frivolous as the hunting of Butterflies. And to let you ſee the impertinencies of *Roboald*, behold his folly in theſe three ſcrolls, of which this is the firſt.

'Tis harder not to love, than be denied
By ſuch a look, who being deified
Doth with the wound it gives my panting heart
Both joy and pleaſure to my thoughts impart.

When ſilent grief of ſweetneſs is ſo full,
A thouſand deaths had rather on me pull

Then

Then not to yield to an attempt so fair,
Where hope's to be preferr'd before despair.

Happy is he can love, and hide his flame;
Suppress affection, and conceal Her name:
Who can in midst of anguish pleasure find,
And hug his passions, though she prove unkind.

Here is the second, that seems to cherish the folly of the first. Nor do I here present it in this place for any thing of worth, but to make known clearly how hard it is, yea impossible to be wise, and love, at once; and as shadows serve to pictures, even so the follies of some to raise the wisdom of others. From thence it comes that *Cato* said, that the wise learnt more of fools, then fools did of the wise. But let us hearken to our Rimer,

What rigor is it for to be a Lover,
And not to dare his passion to discover?
So pale and drooping is my physnomie,
That every one, I am in love, may see.

Now, if my soul be in such agonies,
Who can obstruct or blame my plaints or cryes?
To be severely punish'd, is a grace,
When one attempts an Angel to imbrace.

At last to throw the third scroll, was the accomplishment of his impertinence; for it is the end of presumption, always to rise. He says,

Dear origen of all my fears and fires!
Not knowing the extent of my desires,
Must I thus perish, and yet dare not say
'Tis you who doth my soul and passions sway?

But why do I stay in reciting his idle thoughts, which would be better buried under silence, then raised upon this paper? But to imitate the fashion of Painters, that set off the features of a fair face by an extreme deformity; as also to throw confusion in the face of those that in their follies commit

mit theſe extravagances. I follow expreſly in this the imitation of *Nathan*, that threatned *David* to manifeſt to the light of the ſun what he had committed in darkneſs, and to caſt his ſhame on his face, if by a confeſſion unfained and healthfull penitence he had not prevented the publication. Even ſo the Saviour of the world threatned to make be preached in the publike places the evils committed in the moſt private chambers, when the ſecrets of the dark ſhould be manifeſted, and the counſel of hearts given to iniquity. And who knows not that ſhame and diſgrace is the certain recompence of vile Love?

Thus *Roboald* ſeeing that all theſe ſmall lights gave none to *Iſabel*, to make her know that herſelf was the idol to which he offers his thoughts; languiſhing with a ſilent grief ſo neer his remedy, and ſuch a remedy as ſeemed ſhould yield to his mercy with much facility; yet durſt not promiſe it himſelf, however reſolves to attempt by an art, after which he thought that neceſsity would break for him, as to the ſon of *Cræſus* the obſtacle that hindred his ſpeech. One day as *Iſabel* preſſed him on this ſubject, which was their ordinary entertainment, (for from the mouth proceeds the abundance of the heart) you will not believe, ſaid he, to what extremity hath brought me, ſhall I ſay my affection, or my folly? to an evil ſo extraordinary, having ſought all the ſtrangeſt remedies that humane thoughts can deviſe.

The curious Maid conjures him not to hide his means, being they gave no knowledge of the cauſe. *Roboald*, that ſtrove always to oblige her, and to make this obligation more precious, made himſelf to be prayed earneſtly for a thing, of which he had more deſire then his ſuppliant herſelf. And to cheriſh this in her, You preſs me (quoth he) to diſcover a means that you lead as by the hand in the ſight of the ſubject of my paſsion; and then my ſecret will be no more a ſecret, nor my own; being diſcloſed not only to another, but to a woman, as capable to contain it under ſilence, as a ſieve is to hold water. At which *Iſabel* makes a thouſand proteſtations of fidelity and ſilence; but they were oaths as light, as if they had been written on the ſands, or drawn on the waves. At which *Roboald* fained to yield, and to remit his life with his love into the hands of this gracious priſoner. If your oaths, quoth he, ſhould not bind you with chains as ſtrong as they ſeem holy,

the intereſt you have your ſelf will bind you to conceal that I ſhall manifeſt unto you; for the part you have in her whoſe face I will let you ſee, is ſuch, that you will be conſtrained to confeſs to me when you have ſeen it, that you have not a better friend in the world.

You muſt know then, that having been juſt to that point to conſult with a Magitian of this Country, who as yet hath promiſed nothing good of the iſſue of my deſign, but on the contrary threatens me that the hope of a Nuptial bed will be the grave of my deſires; yet I have taken his propheſie as coming from the father of lyes; ſo that as the antient Oracles, I have believed one may better judge of his truth by the contrary. And indeed I have already known by ſome hopes, that if I perſevere to love with fidelity, there is nothing comes ſooner to its end then a conſtant love: For,

Love uſeth to exalt the mind, and make
The Lover lofty things to undertake.
The Body *from the* Soul *receives its flame,*
And Love *'s the Torch that doth the* Soul *inflame.*

Without then caring for theſe Funeral-predictions of this Sorcerer, I deſired him to give me a glaſs like to that wherein he had ſhewed me many wonders; and in which I ſee, when I pleaſe, her whom I honour, in the ſame faſhion and place, and in the ſame converſation that ſhe ſhall be when I would look to ſee her, as much to comfort my ſelf by this falſe good of her image in abſence, which is the moſt cruel torment that a ſoul can ſuffer that loves as mine doth, that is to ſay extremely; as alſo to learn by her carriage if my perſeverance may one day find ſome favour before her eyes, though not obtained without much difficulty, and with a thouſand oaths not to communicate this ſecret to any. You muſt therefore diſpence with me, courteous *Iſabel*, if I ſhew you not this glaſs, for fear to be forſworn, or it may be to take away the effect which is ſo ſweet to me, and the only conſolation of my eyes, if they ſhould be deprived of the object that is moſt pleaſing to them. For what do I know if the verity may not vaniſh at the ſame time that I ſhould make another participant of this ſight; or if this may be diſcloſed without ſome misfortune? or how ſhall I know that this Creature will have the belief that my extreme

extreme love hath given me for to see this face, that is not better presented in this glass then in the affections of my heart: And then there are certain barbarous words written on the back-side of it, which must be pronounced before one can enjoy the sight of this spectacle: And who can promise to a woman the courage to pronounce them without trembling and a secret horror?

All this might plead my excuse to you, and should perswade you not to attempt so bold an enterprise. Let me die by little and little secretly; I am to my self a theatre ample enough; it is glory enough to me to have aspired so high, and to see that in falling, it is from heaven I am precipitated. Fearfulness is incident to women; but we may say that their curiosity is far stronger then their apprehension; for to satisfie this desire, we know they renounce all fear. Such appears *Isabel*; for although a secret fear incited a panting of her heart, on the imagination that some devil should do her hurt in being curious to penetrate into this secret; yet shutting her eyes at these considerations, she left not importuning *Roboald* to shew her this glass, assuring him she had courage enough to look into it, and faith enough to pronounce the doubtfull words.

Now you must know that all this imaginary sortilege was but a pure invention of this man, to shew to this Damoiel the form of her proper face in this ordinary glass, desiring to let her know by that, that all the charms of his heart proceeded from the beauties of her form. Now after many conjurations, and so strong, that there was no more place of resistance without angring the spirit of (what shall I say?) curious, or furious *Isabel*; drawing out of his breast the glass, of which the lustre reflected on the eyes of this impatient Maid; faining that it would have no effect if she were not alone, and he to be retired. A certain terror seises her, fearing to be without help in the company of Devils; the first of which figures a thousand forms flying about her: which made her earnestly conjure *Roboald* to stay, or else to take again his glass; for already cold fear began to seise her.

I doubted this, replies this man, that you would not have courage enough; and if you want confidence, how will you have belief enough? But here am I dispensed with all by your self, that ought to content you with the testimony of my good will.

Isabel never saw herself in the like agony: For on the one side pressed with the vehemencie of her desires, and on the other retained by an extreme fear, she sees herself like the Child in the Emblem, raised by one wing, and stayed by a stone. A relenting stays her in midst of her course of this she had so ardently pursued. Stay here a little, says she, O *Roboald*, to the end that I may regain my spirits, and have more assurance. I cannot stay, replied he, and give you the satisfaction you desire in this glass. Which he said to make her more eager, to affirm his assurance, and to escape; not esteeming he could obtain so much of his own courage, he shrinketh enough to sustain in her presence the discovery of his design. They capitulated, and agreed, that *Roboald* should stay in the next chamber, whilst *Isabel* pronounced the unknown words, and looked in the glass; and if any extraordinary terror seised her, *Roboald* should come at her cry, and give her all sort of assistance.

He goes out; she takes the glass with one hand trembling, where not seeing other but her face, she feared it was for want of not having pronounced the words written on the back-side. With a faint voice she tries to utter them, and suddenly turns the glass; and seeing but herself, thinks she hath pronounced them imperfectly. Being now more couragious, she recites them neatly, and cleerly distinguishes the syllables and letters. But yet she sees nothing but her face. She knows not what to think; but then perceives some Verses written round about the chasing of it, that said thus:

This Glass presents the shape of her Perfection,
That is the Shrine of my most true affection.

This doth not yet satisfie her, till she read on the circumference of the orb these same:

Could she but see my heart as pure and faithfull,
(SY ABELLE)
As she sees herself beautifull!

For

For, this Anagram was the little key, that opened to her all this secret; it was choler that unsealed her eyes to penetrate into the art of *Roboald*; for that the last writing in form of numbers described her name. But as there is no deafness worse then that is counterfeited, so there is no stupidity more gross then that that is fained, not to understand that she knows very well. She calls *Roboald*, but with a tone and voice that had no feeling of haste or astonishment, and gives him his glass: Go, go, said she; all your Devils are lyars, which give nothing but elusions for truth: I have spoken the barbarous words with as much attention as was possible; and yet I have seen nothing in this glass, but that I see in that comes next to my hands; and then you add belief to this sorcery.

Madam, replied *Roboald*, and it may be it is want of belief that makes you fail of that you seek for; and you had without doubt perceived it, if you had as much faith as I have to see the fair effect of so fair a cause. Truly, replied *Isabel*, it is here I see that Lovers are not only fed with dreams in sleeping, but with falshoods in waking; leaving solid contentment, to follow vain shadows. Go, go feed on these spirits and images as much as you please; methinks you wrong credit, and for a small matter. Verily if you were an Idolater, I would freely say,

If Pagans with dead Statues were in love,
Resembling Gods and Goddesses above;
Who can blame me to love a living Saint,
And her effigies in my heart to paint?

But being a Christian as you are, I am astonished to see you led after these superstitions so vain and ridiculous. But, Madam, replied *Roboald*, is it possible that fortune hath so blinded you, as it hath hindred you from seeing any thing in that Glass, after having uttered the fearfull words? Those words that are to me as disdainfull, as you esteem them venerable, answered *Isabel*, have no way sealed my eyes, nor have shewed me in that Glass other then what I see ordinarily in my own, that is, my own face. And to let you see I have looked into it not fearfully, but attentively; it is true, it is one of the finest and cleerest that I ever looked into.

Yet said *Roboald*, you are some other thing then nothing; and you have not altogether loſt your time, in that you have contem plated your ſelf ſo well. I, but that is not all I ſought, continued *Iſabel*; for I have a glaſs of my own that doth me that office at my pleaſure, without art or inchantment. Many times it happens by the ſtrength of charms, replied *Roboald*, that we ſee that we thought not to ſee, and ſee not that we thought to have ſeen, that is, an cluſion, and the ſtrangeſt that can be told. For my ſelf, every time I look into that Chryſtal, I cheriſh the object I bear ſtamped ſo profoundly in my ſoul; I feel my affections renewed and augmented, the excеſs of my paſſion redoubling the exceſs of my fever.

If this glaſs be ſo hurtfull to you, give me leave that I may break it, ſays this Lady; otherwiſe I ſhall think you are of intelligence with your enemies in the conjuration of your own ruine. I beſeech you, ſaid *Roboald*, not to commit ſuch a ſacrilege, to break that that hath received ſo noble an impreſſion; for ſince it had but the honour to repreſent your ſelf, it deſerves to be eternally preſerved; and my ill is ſo precious to me, that that which other ſick men do to be healed, I do for conſervation of my ſickneſs. But is it poſſible that this Glaſs, from whence comes the fire that conſumes me, hath not inflamed you with love of your ſelf? Can it be, that your ſight that gathers all ſplendor, hath not incited in your ſoul the effects of a burning glaſs? You are far from the fortune of *Narciſſus*, that became taken with his own form preſented in a Spring, that ſerved him for a tomb: yet Love of it ſelf is natural to fair Maids, witneſs the continual traffick they have with their Glaſſes. *Roboald*, ſaid *Iſabel*, you would by theſe jeſts flatter my miſeries, and ſweeten the rigor of my priſon; in which it is as hard to find me fair, as merry; for nothing alters, nothing ſo much changes beauty, as ſadneſs and melancholy.

Which like ſome cruel tempeſt doth (alas!)
Blaſt thoſe fair flowry bloſſoms of the face.
And as hail kills the ſprouting flowers, ſo grief
Diſtorts my troubled breaſt without relief.

It

It is not that I do not much love my ſelf; for it is a thing ſo natural, as it is very hard to hinder, if one be in a high degree of perfection. But truly I am not yet arrived at this period of folly, to love my ſelf in a Chryſtal, nor to ſigh for an object I carry with me, and is as much mine as I am mine own.

But when *Narciſſus* loved, replied *Roboald*, he took his own Arm for that of anothers; and in loving, thought of nothing leſs then to love himſelf: So that deſtroying by his own dilection with too much loving, he hates himſelf: And even like a torch that turned down, goes out with the ſame wax that gave it life; ſo this fabulous youth in ſeeing himſelf, though yet he ſaw not, was ſo poſſeſſed with his own raving, as he had no place in himſelf for himſelf. Let us leave theſe fables, ſaid *Iſabel* Yea, but fables, replied *Roboald*, hide many times under their ſhadowes the cleereſt truths: And what truth can be drawn out of theſe ravings? The ſtrongeſt that ever mounted into the brains of Poets.

If ever *Roboald* were preſſed to caſt off the vail of his fears, it was here: For Occaſion ſhewed him the lock of hair on his forehead; and he thinks if he let it ſlip by his negligence, her deſpight againſt his baſeneſs would never ſhew him ſo favourable a face again. Therefore ſearching in his thoughts the ſubtileſt inventions that his paſſion could produce; and to imitate the nimble *Galatæa* that the Poet ſpeaks of, which threw Apples in flying, and would hide herſelf artificiouſly after having been diſcovered; He leads this Damoſel by the clue of his tongue into a labyrinth of ſo many winding diſcourſes, biaſſed, cover'd, double and of divers ſenſes, that now ſaying, and then unſaying, he enters, and goes out; he's incloſed, and again looſed; and ſtill fains not to ſay that he would ſay; with an eloquence, of which the art is not known but to thoſe that love, and dare not diſcover their affection.

Now if the Aſſailant were quick, the Defendant was not leſs cunning. For crafty *Iſabel* ſeeing this beaſt taken, and ſtrugling in her toils, this Spider wrapped up in its own web; faining not to comprehend theſe diſſemblings, took an admirable paſtime: for it was a pleaſure incomparable, that ſhe ſaw him now pale with fear to have manifeſted himſelf too much; now red with ſhame to unſay; anon inflamed with

deſire.

deſire to pull off the mask of his diſcourſe; and then to withhold himſelf by the apprehenſion he had to diſpleaſe her; changing colour as often as a Camelion, his forehead being aſhamed of the variety of thoſe that make the Aurora ſo appear agreeable.

At laſt having purſued this Stag, and brought her to a ſtand, keeping the change notwithſtanding all theſe hoverings, ſhe preſſed him in ſuch ſort by her queſtions, and the paſſion of this man brought him to that point, as he was forced to let fall the colour of his art, and to take off the vail of his diſſimulation, confeſſing there was no other inchantment in his glaſs but that of art; that he ſerved himſelf to make known to this Maid, to herſelf, and in herſelf, the ſubject of his bold affections. A Criminal that the torture hath made confeſs his irremiſſible crime, attends not with more certainty the ſentence of his death, then loſt *Roboald* that of the condemnation of his preſumption. But the ſtrong and cunning Amazon could not forbear bluſhing at this declaration; yet knows with ſo much art to colour her colours, that that which came with an inflamation of deſpight and ſhame to ſee herſelf beloved by a ſubject unworthy of her, was taken by this abuſed to promiſe him that he hopes by an inclination of good will.

Thus he flatters his hopes by this cozening appearance. And although ſhe were as full as a Bee that hath loſt her ſting, yet this Maid hides the tempeſt that invaded her ſoul under the calm of her eyes, which ſhe had cleared on purpoſe to deceive this preſumptuous fellow, making appear by this fayning ſome ſort of joy in the midſt of deſpair and ſhame that began to ſeiſe on the heart of *Roboald*; who made bold by this eaſie acceptance that hid diſdain under a ſweet countenance, begins to perſwade himſelf, that ſince the water carries the ſtone, his perſeverance and fidelity might ſoften this courage, and make her condeſcend where his quality and birth hindred him to hope.

This conjecture became a certainty in his thoughts; when diſſembling *Iſabel* made ſhew ſhe held for an honour, that which in her ſoul ſhe held for an affront and diſgrace, to be ſo religiouſly and reſpectfully adored by a ſubject whoſe merits ſhe eſteemed; faining to be angry to have been the cauſe of all his pains paſſed; excuſing herſelf on the innocence of her igno-

ignorance, not being able to divine that which was unknown to her, yet what she had but too cunningly perceived almost from the beginning. Will you then trust the apparent simplicity of women, that under a seeming childishness deceives the subtilty of the most cunning?

In following this point, to bring this Jailer yet more forward into the snares where he was already altogether ingaged, and to draw the liberty of her body from the slavery of this heart, not only the testimonies to have his service agreeable, but also to hold for an advantage this Match, although she had it in horror. Raising his vertues above the defects of his birth; esteeming herself more happy to marry one ignoble, that loved and honoured her, then one noble, that after the life she had led with *Philippin*, could not have her but in disdain and outrage.

Imagine you what Lover had not been easie to be deceived with these words so dissembled; and if the courage of *Rebeald* were not disposed to belief of that that was so advantagious to him, and let himself be transported by his passion; since his interior inclination had intelligence with the treason without, to lessen his ruine. All he can do, is to praise the bounty of *Isabel*, in raising her even to the heavens, where his forehead touched already by the hope to see his pretensions succeed, plunging into the centre of the earth by the words of submission and humility of a shadow, with which he vailed the arrogance of his design. But *Isabel* faining to find so many difficulties in this enterprise, that it almost appeared impossible; it was now that he makes her to understand that there was nothing impossible to a Lover; that huge mountains became plains to a courage lightned with this passion, that made valiant the most fearfull, and that all that opposed his desire would easily be surmounted by his valour or industry. Alas, said this cunning *Amazon*, I neither doubt of your understanding nor strength: but how will the inheriting pride of my friends suffer you to match with me, if they could not suffer to see me live with *Philippin*, who never possessed me but as his wife?

At which *Rebeald* proposes to her to flie on the other side the Alps, and into the Countries so far off, that neither *Pyrrhe* nor *Herman* should have either wind or mark of their retreat. Love, replied *Isabel*, ought not to have his eyes so hard tyed,

as not to take heed to his course; otherwise he will be subject in this blindness to fall into great and horrible precipices. Do you not see that it were to cast our selves in trust into calamities and miseries the most extreme that can enter into humane thoughts, and be lost in thinking to be safe. I appeal to your passion and judgment: The prison in which I am, of which your courtesie tempers now the rigorous cruelty, is more supportable then a calamitous liberty, full of infamy.

To which *Roboald* answered, But (Madam) if I disclose the means that you may live the only Mistress of your goods and house, will you promise to honour me with the quality of your Husband, and not to pay with base ingratitude the service I shall do you. At these words a secret horror seised the heart of this Maid, esteeming that this barbarous *Roboald* would propose to her some parricide either by sword or poison: Oh, said she, what do you tell me here! I will rather rot and die in prison, then go forth with so abominable enlargement; I will not like a Viper draw my life by the death of those that have put me into the world.

Madam, replied *Roboald*, you take on the left that which I intend on the right: I am not so unfortunate as you think, nor do I believe you so unnatural. It is a means that I know, by which not only your father and brother will give you liberty, but will have nothing in more horror then this house, nor any thing so dear as to seek their safety by their flight, and to leave it free to your enjoying. It is then by some trick, answered *Isabel*; but if it be as vain as that of your Glass, I perceive nothing of all this but laughter and misery; for if my father but perceives that you use me not with all the cruelty he commanded, I fear he should put me into their hands that are worse then yours, and put yourself in prison, or discharge you from his service, and so your assistance in the one and other fashion become inutile.

Madam, quoth *Roboald*, there is no more inchantment in the secret I have to discover to you, then in my Glass; and yet the effect is as assured as that, where without sorcery you have seen that you desired to see. I have only to manifest a truth to you, by which you will remain Mistress of your house; and without chasing or violating your Father, he shall depend on your mercy.

I cannot comprehend theſe riddles, ſaid *Iſabel*. But then vile *Roboald*, to put her out of pain, puts himſelf up to the throat, as you ſhall ſee by the tragick hiſtory that follows. It was in manifeſting the murder of *Philippin* committed by *Herman*, by the perſwaſion and following the commandment of *Pyrrhe*; denying expreſly that he aſſiſted *Herman* and was Complice of this attempt, ſaying he was only teſtimony of this treaſon, of which he fained not to have been any way advertiſed.

What became this woman when ſhe heard this news? what hatred was not formed in her heart againſt her Brother, and againſt her own Father? meaſuring it by the extreme love ſhe bore to *Philippin*. Suddenly like a Fury ſhe threatens their treſpaſs, reſolves to diſcloſe it to the Juſtice, and to ſatisfie at once to her revenge, to the hands of her Lover, the innocence of *Eliſe* and unfortunate *Andronico*, and to render by this means the honour to *Scevole*, making him of an enemy her protector againſt the inſolent ſollicitations of *Roboald*, to whom ſhe fains to be much bound for the revelation of this ſecret: She promiſes him that ſhe means not to hold; knowing, that will being forced is no will; and that the oaths of Lovers and Priſoners do not ſerve but to deceive.

Methinks I ſee in this Hiſtory that of *Sampſon* renewed by the treachery of *Dalilah*; which had no ſooner diſcovered the truth in what conſiſted the ſtrength of this inconſiderate Amorous, but ſhe advertiſes the Philiſtines his enemies, who came upon him and bound him, covering him with a thouſand reproaches. For, faining ſhe would give an affright to her Father and brother, to the end that thinking of their flight, they might leave her at liberty and in full poſſeſſion of their lands; ſhe finds means by the diligence of *Roboald*, that like another *Uriah* carries the pacquet of his own death, to write to *Scevole* this Letter.

'GOD which draws the light of truth from the thickeſt 'darkneſs of calumny, and that imploys things moſt dark 'to bring the moſt hidden to evidence; is ſerved with the dark-'neſs of my dungeon, to make you know how much unjuſtly 'the honour of your houſe hath been engaged by a ſhamefull 'ſuffering. And although innocence hardly appears in the 'deep blackneſs of a priſon, yet it is ſo that that of your *Eliſe* 'ſhall come forth of mine, if you pleaſe to take the pains to

'inviron this house by the authority and hand of Justice, 'where you will find (as in the depth of a Well) the light of 'a truth that will be as pleasing, as falshood hath covered you 'with sadness. The recovering of your honour will be worth 'the pains you shall take in causing to be apprehended the 'true Murderers of *Philippin*; which will justifie the inno-'cence of *Andronico* and your Daughter, falsly made guilty. 'For recompence of this service I ask you but my liberty, and 'your protection, in quality of

Your Servant.

This writing found *Scevole* retired in his solitude, and plunged into the profoundest melancholy that he had ever felt. For on one side, the dishonours of the world made the sweetness of this life unpleasing; on the other, the tediousness began to take him; for there is nothing so sharp as idleness to him that had always spent his days in the managing of business. It seemed, when he saw these lines, that it was some Letter fallen from heaven for his consolation, and for the re-establishing of his fortune: And then returning into his memory the furious assaults and long pursuits of *Pyrrhe* and *Herman* against the life of *Philippin*; the pain he had to dissolve those clouds, and to defer their revenge; at last having long consulted with himself, he thinks it fitter to receive then to neglect this advice, doubting that this smoak could not be without fire. He assembles the Provosts, and in a fair night invirons the house of *Vaupre*.

The Break of day, forerunner of the Sun, had no sooner discovered to the world the divers colours of his breast, when *Pyrrhe* and *Herman* saw themselves besieged and summoned to yield. They, whose consciences served for a thousand testimonies, and as many hangmen, believed themselves accused and condemned; and resolved rather to bury themselves under the ruines of their Castle, then to dye shamefully on a Scaffold. At this their refusal *Scevole* conjectures them guilty; their rebellion accuses them, and makes them doubly Criminals, and as Murderers and revolted against the Justice of the Prince, a crime irremissible. This Castle is weak, and rather built for the pleasure of the eye, then for the shot of Cannon. They are charged on the sudden, unprovided of provisions defensive and offensive; the gates are broke open,

and what ſhall two men do againſt ſo many? for *Roboald* and the reſt of the ſervants were rather a hindrance then any aſſiſtance. In the end they are taken; *Herman* being ſore hurt, and ſhot through the ſide with a bullet. *Pyrrhe* uſes his ſword with incredible valour; crying, So ſtrong is the love of a father, that they ſhould pardon his ſon being innocent, he only being guilty of the death of *Philippin*. Wounded in divers places, he is rather ſeiſed and oppreſſed by the multitude, then vanquiſhed.

Scevole having that he deſired, makes their wounds be dreſſed, which were found not mortal. *Pyrrhe* tells freely all, excuſing his ſon as much as it was poſſible for him. *Roboald* is accuſed as having been an actor, and ſees himſelf bound with his maſters, and conducted to the priſon of the City. *Iſabel* the Accuſatrix is in full liberty: *Scevole* takes her with him, in taking on him her protection. The proceſs was ſoon ended, for the guilty confeſſed their fault, without other rack but their conſciences. *Roboald*, which ſaw clearly the act, and could not deny it, repents too late to have truſted this ſecret to a woman: His marriage-hopes are loaden with a funeral-deſpair, and his love rewarded with a ſhamefull death. For his two Maſters being condemned to loſe their heads, after having made an honorable amends publikely to the memory of miſerable *Andronico* and unfortunate *Eliſe*; He was condemned to loſe his life on the gibbet, ſeeing himſelf bound and drawn by the neck rather for a puniſhment of the folly of his tongue, then the excution of his hands; for he had not lent to *Herman* in the murder of *Philippin* more then his preſence, being he was ſhot on the ground ere he had need to give any help to his Maſter. Thus God, admirable in his judgments, puniſhes this Traitor by the ſame treaſon he deſigned for his maſters; and gives him his end under the ruines of a houſe of which he intended to be maſter: like *Icarus* and *Phaeton* in the fable, which made their fall more heavy, as their flight had been preſumptuous.

It is not my deſign to relate the particularities of this Execution, which may make all the world admire the heighth and depth of the judgments of God, which had permitted that Innocence made guilty ſuffered a death undeſerved, by reaſons unknown to humane underſtanding; and then that inveſtigable truth had brought the guilty to the

the ſame place where innocence for their miſdeeds had ſuffered the grief of a ſhameful pain. The honour of *Scevole* is ſeen entirely reſtituted, the memory of *Eliſe* honoured, as alſo that of *Andronico*. *Scevole* returns to the exerciſe of his charge. *Pyrrhe* and *Herman* amidſt their ſufferings teſtified ſo much of repentance and reſignation, that all were edified at their end, and praiſed God, that can ſo wiſely bring all unto their end, drawing from the evil of pain the health of him was hurt, as the theorick of the ſerpent.

Iſabel ſees herſelf at liberty; but by the confiſcation of their goods deſpoiled of all means to live, and reduced to an extreme miſery. And here the piety and pitty of *Scevole* ſhews it ſelf, that with a courage worthy of his name and truly Chriſtian, having already taken the Children ſhe had by *Philippin* during the repudiation of *Eliſe*, takes alſo the Mother into his houſe, promiſing to uſe her not as an enemy and one that had been a flaw to his houſe, but as his own daughter, and to give her a portion as rich and more as her father could have done, in caſe any occaſion did preſent it ſelf ſuitable to her condition. Which made *Scevole* eſteemed of all the world, and almoſt adored by *Iſabel*; who coming to herſelf, and conſidering with how many murders ſhe was ſoiled, her ill life having made void the earth not only of *Philippin*, but alſo of innocent *Andronico* and *Eliſe*; and which was more, her unnatural accuſation had brought her own father and brother to an ignominious death, that made her, beſides her own carriage, infamous for ever: Touched with a juſt grief and lively repentance, ſhe renounces freely the world, wherein ſhe had known ſo many miſeries, experimented ſo many outrages, to retire to the tranquile port of Religion, which was into a Monaſtery of the Repentants, where ſhe's confined; interring alive her beauties under a vail, conſecrating her eyes to continual tears, her body to healthfull mortifications, her breaſt to perpetual ſtrokes, her mouth to ſighs, her tongue to confeſſion of her faults, and to ask pardon for them of God. There of a falling ſtone full of ſcandal, ſhe becomes a ſtone of edification, making appear the abundance of grace where ſin had abounded; there ſhe ſpent the reſt of her time religiouſly, there ſhe dyed holily. The mercies of God are pleaſed to be magnifi'd in the converſion of ſinful ſouls, that fly for refuge to the haven of grace, and aſſured port of a healthful penitence.

FINIS.